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- * *Treasure Island—A Pictorial Story*
- * *A Dream for Two—A Mystery Unsolved*
- * *Fight for Freedom—in Story of India*
- * *Plates for Protection—in Nature's Kingdom*
- * *And all the features like Newsflash, Let Us Know, Do You Know, and a bunch of delightful stories*

Thoughts to be Treasured

"And there she is walking with her own majestic steps—my motherland,—to fulfil here glorious destiny, which no power on earth or in heaven can check."

Swami Vivekananda

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AND Newsflash, Do You Know, Let Us Know and More



CHANDAMAMA

Controlling Editor: NAGI REDDI
Founder: CHAKRAPANI

THE SPIRIT OF INDIA

Raja Rammohan Roy, Dayananda Saraswati, Sri Ramakrishna, Swami Vivekananda and Sri Aurobindo (whose Birthday is 15th of August) figure in the *Story of India* in this issue. It is a pleasant coincidence that in our chronological projection of this important feature, this part of the series fell to the share of this issue! Indeed, August, the month India won freedom, is the time to gratefully remember them—the luminous sparks of the Spirit of India.

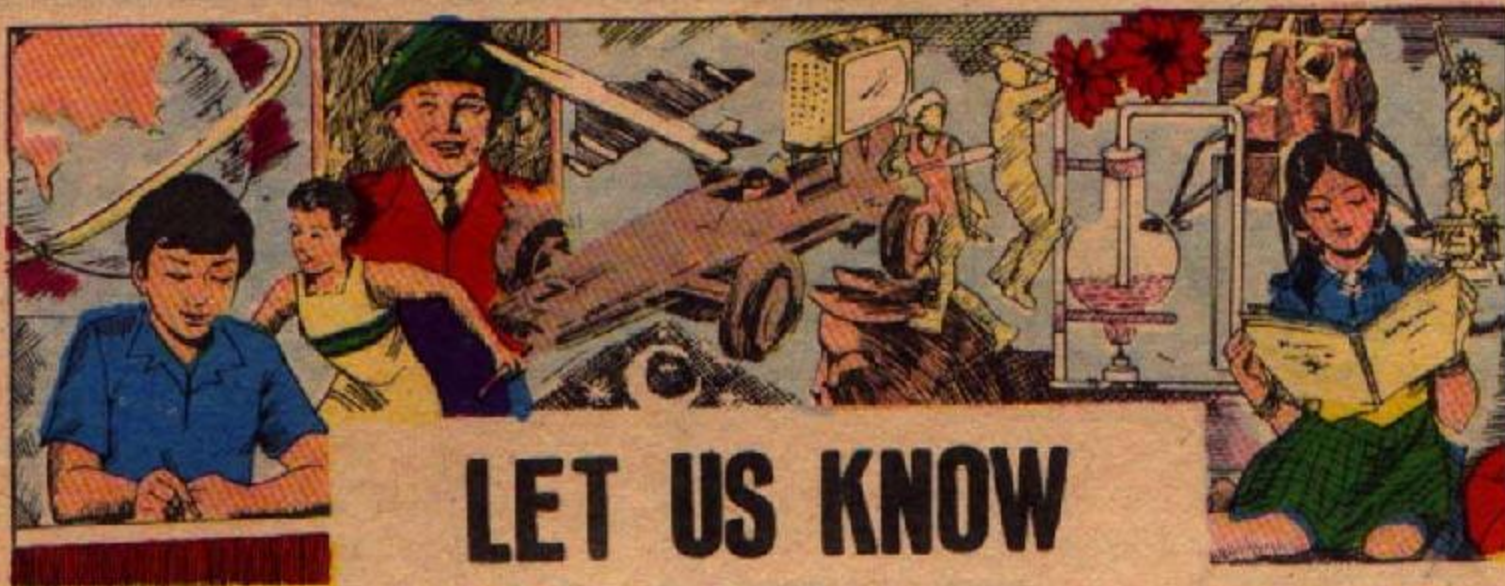
Let us bow to them and remember the vision of India they nurtured and upheld—an India proud of a unique spiritual heritage and confident of a glorious future. Let every child of Mother India ask himself or herself how much he or she is doing to justify that vision.



मनः प्रसादः सौम्यत्वं मौनमात्मविनिग्रहः ।
भावसंशुद्धिरित्येतत्तपो मानसमुच्यते ॥

*Manah prasādaḥ saumyatvaṁ maunamātmavinigrahaḥ
Bhāvasaṁśuddhirityetattapo manasamucyate*

Calmness and serenity, silence, self-control and purity of thought — these are the outcome of the *tapah* (penance or spiritual discipline) of the mind. — *The Bhagavad Gita*



LET US KNOW

Can you give us some idea about the chip or the microchip?

*Sukumaran and
fifteen friends,
Kanpur*

Chip is a small piece of silicon at the centre of the electronic component known as the IC or "integrated circuit". But generally the word 'Chip' is used for the Integrated Circuit. As stated in *Practical Digital Electronics* by Juris Blukis and Mark Baker, an integrated circuit (IC) is a sealed package in which a small piece (chip) of silicon has been processed in a manner to produce microscopic patterns of resistors, diodes and transistors on it.

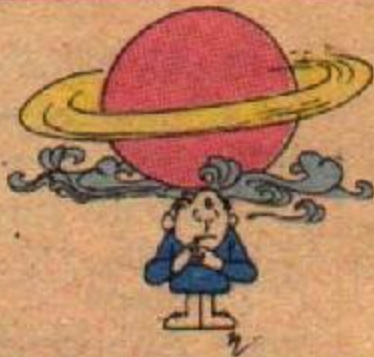
Using highly advanced technology large discrete circuits are miniaturized on a tiny silicon piece—the semiconductor material. That achieves super-compactness.

This invention is revolutionising the methods of working in numerous fields. The micro-electronics, as it is known, and its application to data-processing "have brought about basic changes and begun a new stage in the history of humanity," says Daniel Ulanovsky in a Unesco release.



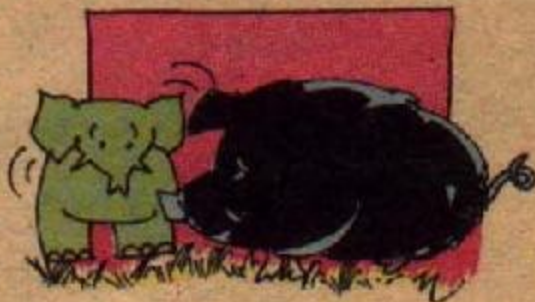
Do You Know?

Whatever be the weather a person while taking rest generates as much heat as a 100-watt light bulb.



Saturn's density is so low that if it is placed on a large ocean, it would float like a big rubber ball.

There is a bird in Hawaii called the O—O



The first elephant was not bigger than a pig of today

King Edward VII weighed his guests before and after dinner to be sure that they had eaten well.



Three New Records



The world record for going sleepless was held since 1977 by Maureen Weson of Great Britain who went without a wink of sleep for 432 hours and 17 minutes. Victor Jabo, a Canadian student, has broken it by exceeding Maureen by 3 minutes.

NEWS-FLASH

Kumar Anandan of Sri Lanka kept standing on one leg for 33 hours, setting a new world record



Al Wauqui came out first in a competition to climb to the 86th floor of the Empire State Building in New York. He scaled 1 575 steps in 11 minutes 29 seconds.

Defence with Garlic

Rabbits and deer get a shock when they come near plants which they were accustomed to destroy. The trees give out a garlic breath to which these creatures are allergic. Scientists at the Washington University have invented a capsule that is planted with the tree. For five years the trees smell garlic. After that they are beyond the reach of rabbits and deer.



The Latest Prodigy

Moidrag Mioler of Belgrade, aged 10, has been allowed to attend university classes with students twice his age at the Natural Sciences Department and the Mathematics Department of the Teachers Training College.

Mioler began to talk when he was seven months old. At two, he could read.

Krishna

—By Manoj Das

(Krishna becomes a friend of the Pandavas who were given half of their ancestral kingdom. Krishna helped them to found their new capital and the demon-architect, Mayadanav, built for them a magnificent palace. Sage Narada then proposed that Yudhisthira perform the Rajasuya Yajna, to earn the position of the king of kings.)

TWO ENCOUNTERS

The brothers of Yudhisthira found Sage Narada's proposal quite inspiring. The nobles in the court of Indraprastha and the friends of the Pandavas jumped at the idea.

But Yudhisthira would not agree to it until it received Krishna's approval. Such was

the trust he had come to repose in Krishna!

A message from him brought Krishna to Indraprastha. "O King," said Krishna, "I do not doubt at all that you deserve to be acknowledged as the monarch paramount—the king over all the kings. But where are





the kings to submit their allegiance to you?"

Krishna then reported in detail the plight of the kings. It was Jarasandha, the tyrant of Magadha, who had captured eightysix of the kings and had kept them imprisoned in his capital, Girivraja. He intended taking hold of fourteen more and sacrifice the hundred to his deity.

It was unheard of, but the proud Jarasandha desired to do something which nobody else had done!

"And, be sure, though all the kings would gladly recognise you as their superior, Jarasan-

dha would never do that," Krishna said in conclusion.

But Krishna was not there for discouraging them from doing the Yajna. He proposed that Arjuna and Bhima be allowed to accompany him to Girivarja. They would put and end to the proud tyrant and set his royal prisoners free.

Yudhisthira gave his consent to the mission. The three set out for Girivraja.

They had to cross a range of hills at the entrance into the city. From the tallest peak hung three huge drums that were occasionally sounded to remind all of Jarasandha's proud presence in Girivraja. The three travellers smashed the peak along with the drums.

Jarasandha was surprised to hear about three strangers toppling the peak. But he was then preparing for a religious rite, and was in no mood to go to challenge the intruders at once. He was so sure of his prowess that he could afford to wait.

However, soon the strangers themselves appeared before him. As they looked like Brahmins, Jarasandha greeted them. But they introduced themselves and accused him of

initiating a barbaric ceremony with the proposed sacrifice of a hundred kings.

"I have defeated them and made them my prisoners. I'll do with them whatever I like! It is my right," claimed Jarasandha.

"In that case you must concede us our right to try to free them—for they include our friends and well-wishers," returned the three.

Jarasandha laughed. "How can you even mention of your right without first trying to make at least a few scratches on my muscles? Do you dare—all three of you together—to fight with me?" he asked scoffingly.

"I'll enjoy a little exercise," he added.

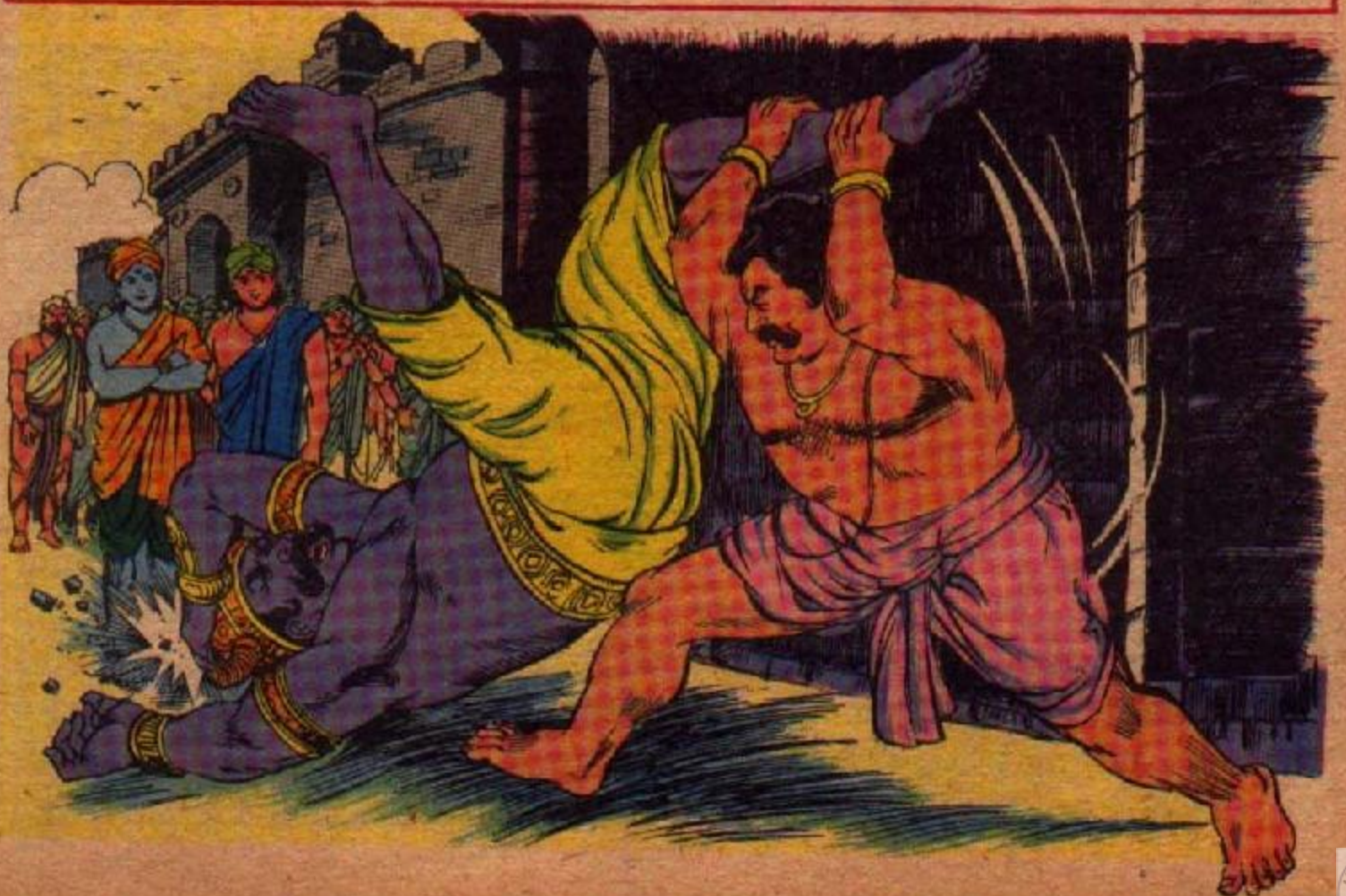
"Choose any one of us and wrestle with him," said Krishna in a grave tone.

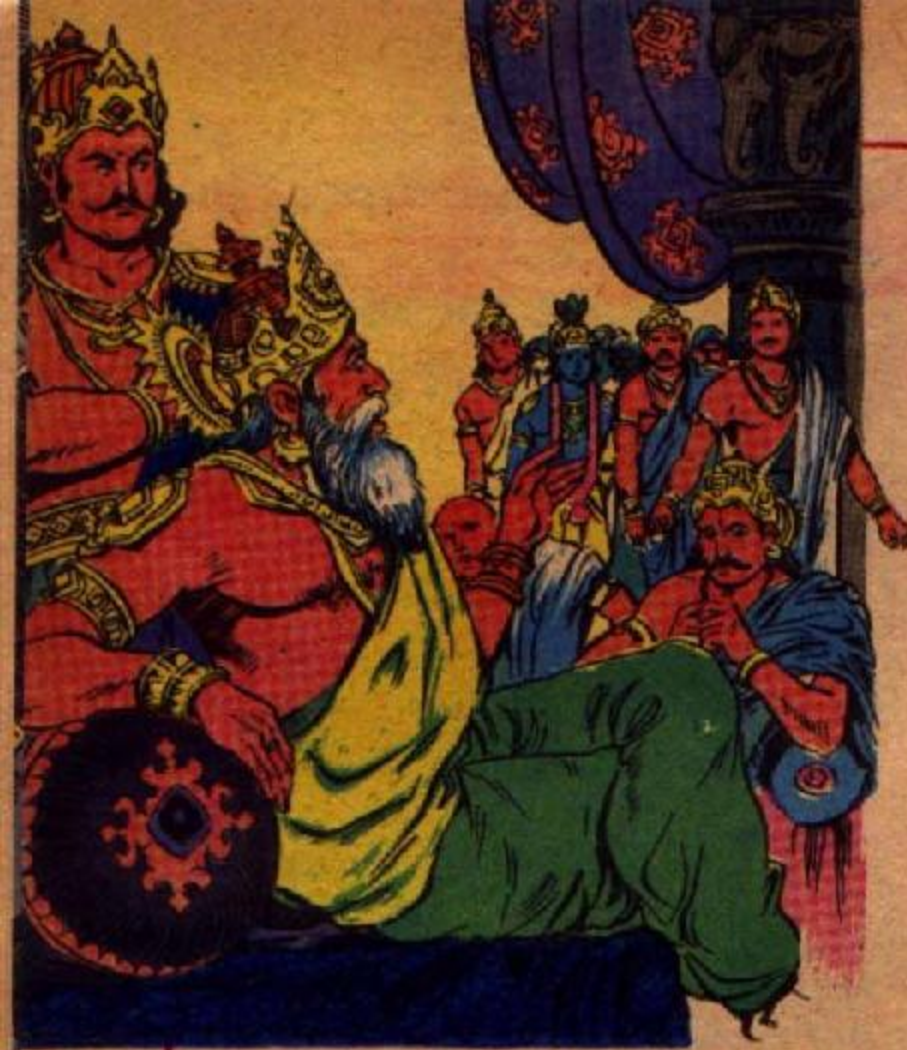
Jarasandha now understood that they meant business.

His choice fell on Bhima, who had the physique of a wrestler.

The two pounced on each other. The news of the combat spread like wild fire and thousands gathered to witness the event. It went on for a long time, both the adversaries appearing equal in strength and tactics.

But at last Bhima lifted a tired Jarasandha and gyrated him a





hundred times around his head and then threw him down and gave a pull to one of his legs. Since Jarasandha had been born of two mothers in two halves and had been joined by a demoness, he fell apart at the pull and that was the end of him.

The victors at once set the eightysix imprisoned kings free. The grateful horde proceeded to Indraprastha to convey its allegiance to Yudhishthira.

Thereafter Bhima, Arjuna, Nakula and Sahadeva, each leading a regiment of army, went out in four directions seeking support of the other kings for the Yajna. By then Yudhis-

thira had grown famous as a mighty and just king. Most of the kings willingly submitted themselves to his authority. A few who were not ready to do so were challenged to battles, as was the custom. Defeated, they accepted Yudhishthira's supremacy.

All the kings gathered in Indraprastha with valuable gifts. Even the haughty ones like Shishupala and Duryodhana and revered elders like Bhisma and Drona were present.

Priests and sages announced that it was time for the Yajna to begin. King Yudhishthira, the performer of the rite, was required to offer his obeisance to one who, according to him, was superior to all those present.

"Whom should I look upon as the greatest of the guests, Sir?" Yudhishthira asked Bhisma, the most revered elder of his dynasty, the uncle of the fathers of the Pandavas and the Kauravas, who had remained a celibate under a vow.

A sage of deep insight that Bhisma was, he was among those who knew Krishna's Divinity. He did not hesitate even for a second. "It is Krishna who should be adored by you, my

child," was his advice.

The grand old man only spoke out what was uppermost in Yudhishthira's mind. He offered his obeisance to Krishna.

At once King Shisupala stood up and protested against Yudhishthira's choice. "How can you snub us by bestowing the highest honour on a person whose status as a king is even doubtful? Were you to choose from the elders, the great Bhisma is here. Among the kings there is the mighty Duryodhana. Among the teachers there is Drona—your guru. How can Krishna be considered superior

to all these people?" he demanded. And he had his friends to raise their voices in his support.

Bhisma tried to pacify him. He tried to explain to him that the Divine was greater than the greatest of men. Yudhishthira and himself were convinced of Krishna's Divinity. To choose the person whom he considered most adorable was Yudhishthira's right. Nobody had any business to question his choice!

"Your presence here as a guest means you have accepted Yudhishthira's right to perform the Rajasuya Yajna. Why do you disturb the ceremony now?" others asked Shisupala.



But Shisupala trembled with wrath and went on heaping abuses on Krishna at the pitch of the voice. It seemed as if all the dark forces of ignorance and violence had taken possession of him. His conduct disgusted all. He challenged Krishna again and again to prove his power.

At last Krishna stood up. There was stunned silence for a moment. He smiled and said softly, addressing the gathering, "I have never harmed this man. Yet long has been the list of this man's misdeeds and cruelty towards my friends. Today he has touched the highest degree of his sinful arrogance by trying to spoil the serenity of this occasion."

"Indeed, he deserves punishment!" cried out numerous agonised voices.

"Punishment?" laughed Shi-

supala, unsheathing his sword. "Who is there to punish me?"

Suddenly in Krishna's hand appeared the celestial weapon of Vishnu—the Sudarshana Chakra. The whirling ring of light leaped towards Shisupala and beheaded him.

Many in the assembly saw something strange. A luminous form rising out of the fallen body of Shisupala went over to Krishna, bowed down to him, and got immersed in his person.

The same thing had happened years ago—when Kamsa collapsed. His soul too had vanished in Krishna.

There was no difference between the Divine's compassion and the Divine's punishment. He takes charge of not only those who surrender to him, but also those who are vanquished by him.

To Continue



LAUGH WITH NASRUDDIN

THANK GOD!

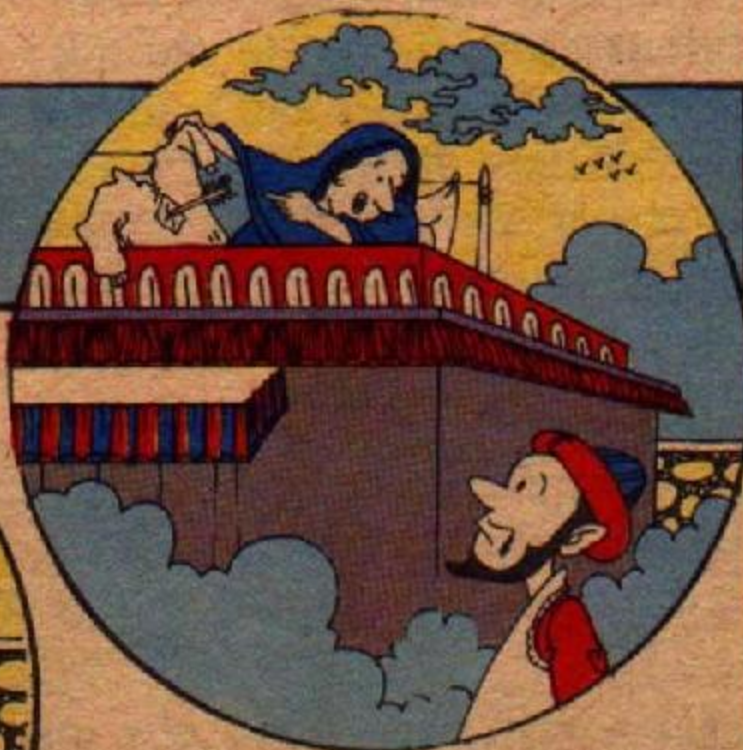
One evening Mulla Nasruddin shot an arrow at a figure on the roof of his house. The target resembled a man!



He then shouted addressing his wife, "You say that I cannot shoot an arrow. See how I have transfixed a burglar with a single shot!"

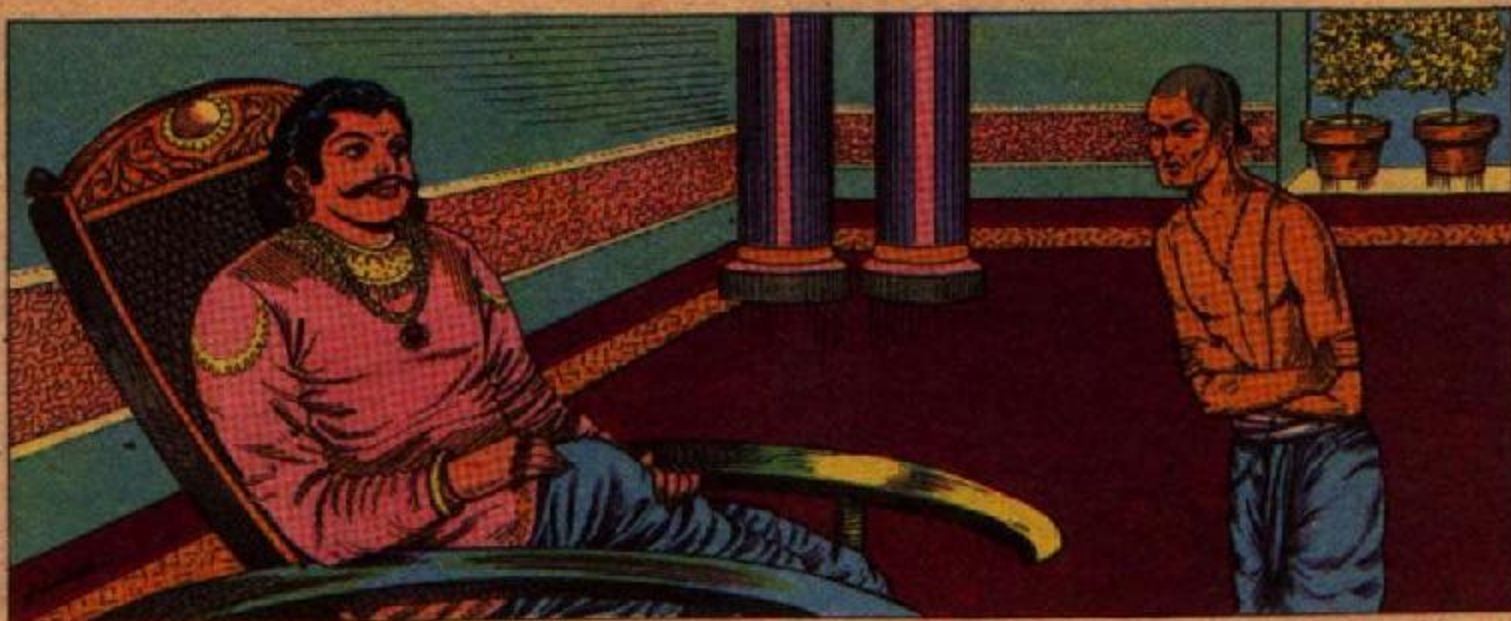


"How foolish of you! This is no thief, but your own cloak I had hung for drying. Now you have made a hole in it!" shouted back the lady.



"Don't shout! Thank God that I was not inside my cloak. You'd have become a widow by this time!" the Mulla reminded her.





The Ascetic Landlord

At Bhavnagar lived a landlord who was as wealthy as he was stingy. He exploited people mercilessly and harassed them through litigations. He did not care for the abuses and epithets his victims heaped on him. However, he was afraid of one word—"sinner." He had heard that those who sinned were punished after death.

One day he asked a visiting sage, "Sir, what exactly is sin? How not to commit it?"

Said the sage, "There are sins and sins. For a man like you, to have much wealth and not to give a part of it in charity is a sin. If you are helping the needy and bringing succour to the poor, you are avoiding being a

sinner!"

"I understand. Thank you."

An old Brahmin overheard the conversation. Hope flashed in his heart. Now that the landlord had understood the value of generosity, much can be expected of him. The Brahmin considered himself lucky that he would be the first man to take advantage of the landlord's change of heart.

The landlord relaxed, his eyes half-shut, gold necklace and diamond rings dazzling on his luxuriously robed person. The Brahmin appeared before him.

"How can I help you?" asked the landlord.

"Huzoor, I'm in misery. Give me alms."

"Alms? Come tomorrow. We will see about it."

The Brahmin went away, all smiles, sure that the landlord will be ready with a handsome donation.

He appeared before the landlord the next day.

"How can I help you?"

"Huzoor, I came for alms..."

"Alms? How can I give you anything since I have nothing? Don't you see that I have become an ascetic? I have nothing, so there is no question of my being a sinner for not giving anything in charity."

The Brahmin observed that the landlord had divested himself of his jewellery and changed his luxurious robe for ochre clothes.

"What did you do with all your property?" asked the sur-

prised Brahmin.

"The property passed on to those who would have inherited them after my death—my sons!"

"In that case I must ask your sons for help," said the Brahmin. The landlord said nothing, but smiled.

The Brahmin met the landlord's sons and acquainted them with the situation.

"Brahmin, will you please tell us whether or not it is virtuous to be obedient to one's father?" asked the young men.

"Of course it is virtuous to be obedient to one's father!"

"Hope, you will help us to remain virtuous. You see, our father made us take the vow that we will not part with a single paisa for charity!"

The Brahmin sighed and went away.



Bag and Baggage

"Did you see your parents off?"

"Yes, Grandpa, we did. We had sent the baggages first—with Mr. Rao who was father's batch-mate," said Rajesh.

"Good. By the way, Rajesh, don't say baggages, if you mean luggage. It is not pluralised."

"Thank you. You said if I mean luggage. Why, is there any other meaning of 'baggage'?"

"Originally the word meant the tent, provisions and other necessities of the army. But now it means luggage too."

"I can say father left with 'bag and baggage!'"

You should not. This also was a military expression, to begin with. 'The army retreated, bag and baggage' meant the army managed to save all its belongings. We do not use 'with' before the phrase. Simply say, 'He left, bag and baggage.' But the expression denotes contempt. The person concerned might have been expelled or obliged to leave!"

"I see!"

"And, Rajesh, don't say 'batch-mate'. You can say class-mate or colleague. Batch refers to non-human objects. As in 'a batch of new documents'. When it refers to men, it does so in a very general way, not with any distinct group in mind."

"Thanks, Grandpa!"



Treasure Island

A pirate map, showing the location of buried treasure on a desert island, has come into the possession of young Jim Hawkins. Now, together with his friends, Squire Trelawney and Dr. Livesey, he is about to set off in the *Hispaniola* in search of treasure.



Redruth met me outside the Royal George Inn, where the coach presently came. I slept throughout the whole journey, until I was finally awakened by Redruth. "We are in Bristol," said Redruth. "Get down." The squire had taken up his residence by the docks, and there we walked until we reached the quays, where a great multitude of ships lay at anchor. My heart beat faster. Soon I should be one of these ships, bound for an unknown island to seek buried treasure.

We came suddenly in front of a large inn where we met Squire Trelawney coming out of the door with a smile on his face and a capital imitation of a sailor's walk. "Here you are," he said. "And the doctor came last night from London. Bravo! The ship's company is complete!" "When do we sail, sir?" I enquired. "Sail!" says he. "We sail tomorrow."



When I had done breakfasting, the squire gave me a note addressed to John Silver, at the sign of the 'Spyglass,' and told me I should easily find the place by keeping a bright look-out for a little tavern with a large brass telescope for a sign. I set off and picked my way among a great crowd of people and carts and bales, until I found the tavern the squire had described.



Inside I found the customers were mostly seafaring men; and they talked so loudly that I hung at the door, almost afraid to enter. As I was waiting, a man came out of a side room, and, at a glance, I was sure he must be Long John. He seemed in cheerful spirits, as he moved about among the tables, with a merry word for the more favoured of his guests.

From the very first mention of Long John in Squire Trelawney's letter, I had feared that he might prove to be the very one-legged sailor whom I had watched for at the Benbow. But one look at the man was enough. I knew what a buccaneer was like—a very different creature according to me, from this pleasant tempered landlord. I walked right up to him. "Mr Silver, sir?"

I asked holding out the note. "Yes, my lad," he said. "And who might you be?"





And then he saw the Squire's letter. "Oh," said he, quite loud, and offering his hand, "I see. You are our new cabin-boy." Just then one of the customers at the far side rose suddenly and made for the door. His hurry attracted my notice, and I recognized him at a glance. It was the tallow-faced man, who had come first to the 'Admiral Benbow.' "Oh," I cried, "stop him! It's Black Dog!"

"I don't care two coppers who he is," cried Silver. "But he hasn't paid his score. Harry, run and catch him." One of the others who was nearest the door leapt up and started in pursuit. "Who did you say he was?" Silver asked. "Black Dog, sir," said I. "Had Mr. Trelawney not told you of the buccaneers? He was one of them." "See here now Hawkins," said Silver. "Here's a blessed hard thing on a man like me, ain't it? There's Cap'n Trelawney—what's he to think? Here I have this confounded son of a Dutchman sitting in my own house, drinking my own rum, and I let him give us the slip."



Silver sighed heavily when the man returned to say that Black Dog had escaped. "Dooty is dooty," he said. "I'll step along with you to Captain Trelawney." At the inn, the squire and Dr. Livesey were seated together. Long John told his story and the two gentlemen regretted that Black Dog had escaped. But there was nothing to be done, and after he had been complimented for trying to have him caught. Long John departed. "The man's perfect trump," said the squire.





This night we prepared to set sail. Soon the anchor was hauled up: soon it was hanging dripping at the bows: soon the sails began to draw and the land and shipping to flit by on either side: and before I could lie down to snatch an hour of slumber the Hispaniola had begun her voyage to the Isle of Teasure.

I am not going to relate that voyage in detail. But before we came to Treasure Island, two or three things happened which require to be known. First the mate was not only useless as an officer, and a bad influence amongst the men, but it was plain that at this rate he must soon kill himself outright: so nobody was much surprised when one dark night he disappeared entirely and was seen no more.



The next day, Long John Silver invited me into his galley. "Come in," he said. "Come in and meet Mr. Flint—named after the famous buccaneer." Captain Flint was a parrot which said with great rapidity: "Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!"



Soon after we had some heavy weather which fortunately only proved the qualities of the Hispaniola. Everybody on board seemed well content, and they must have been hard to please if they had been otherwise. Double grog was going at the least excuse. There was plum duff on odd days, and always a barrel of apples for anyone to help himself that had a fancy.

—To Continue

TWO DECEIVED TWICE

"In pleasure lurks sorrow and in success lies failure," said the fellow who looked like mad, but spoke perfect sense.

"What do you mean?" asked his listeners.

"I say so from the experience of my life. Then he narrated the following story:

He was a policeman guarding the city gate. It was a moonlit night. He sat leaning against the wall. He had dozed off when he felt someone's tender hand touching his. He woke up with a start. A charming face greeted

him with a charming smile.

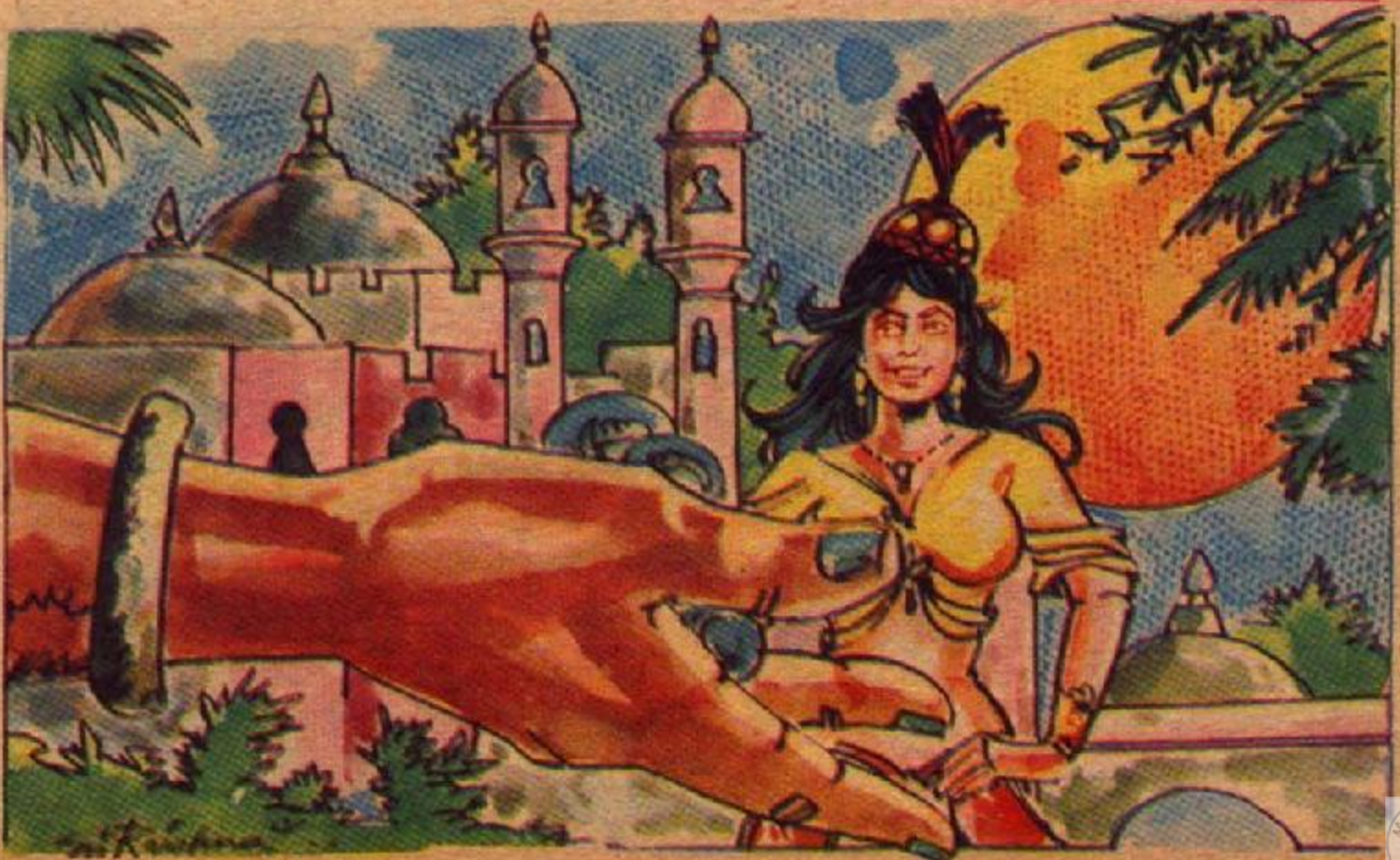
"Who are you? What are you doing here at this hour?" the policeman asked.

The lady put some silver coins on his palm and smiled bewitchingly.

"I do not accept bribe!" said the policeman.

"This is no bribe. Bribe is what is given to get a wrong thing done. I am giving you a reward for your help which I expect to receive for a good cause," said the lady.

"What is the good cause?"





"Is bringing two friends together not a good cause? The situation is like this. The Kazi's daughter and I are great friends. But the Kazi does not allow us to meet. His daughter is longing to see me. You have to help me pass a night in his house so that we two friends can be together."

"How to do that?"

"It should not be difficult for you at all!" assured the lady. Then she advised the policeman how he should go about his work.

The policeman knocked on the Kazi's door. The household servant opened the door. The policeman wished to see the

Kazi. When the Kazi came out, he said, "Sir, this lady is from another town. She came to meet a relative here whose address she has lost. Bewildered, she was weeping on the pavement in front of your house when I saw her. I know her father. He is a respectable man. This lady has gold on her person. We cannot let her pass the night in the streets. The proper thing for you would be to grant her shelter for the night."

The Kazi, being the guardian of the law, could not say 'no' to the proposal. The lady was let in.

After his night's duty the policeman had just come home when some constables banged on his door. "What is the matter?" he asked, rather annoyed.

"You are summoned by the chief magistrate," they said.

The policeman had to accompany them. At the house of the chief he saw the Kazi.

"You rogue!" blurted out the Kazi. "Where is the lady burglar, your friend?"

The policeman was taken aback. By and by he understood that the lady he had put in the Kazi's house had escaped with all the gold and cash the Kazi

had accumulated!

"You are to die!" shouted the Kazi.

"Sir, it is the rule to allow three days to any accused to prove his innocence or undo the wrong he has done. I appeal to you to grant me that much time," prayed the policeman.

His prayer was granted.

He wandered in the streets looking at the face of every woman he saw. Some frowned upon him, some scolded him. Two days passed. He gave up all hope of living.

Suddenly on the third day his eyes fell on a face that peeped through a window. Indeed, it was that unforgettable face!

As soon as the lady saw him, she smiled and beckoned him to come in.

The policeman stormed in and cried out, "At last I have got you!"

"At last I have got you!" echoed the lady, displaying that bewitching smile with which the policeman was already familiar.

"How much trouble you caused me!" said the policeman.

"Have you caused me less trouble?" returned the lady.

"How could have I troubled you?" demanded the policeman.

"Why do you think I was gazing at the street? Is it not to locate you? I knew that some-





time or the other you must pass this way. I was pining for you!" replied the lady.

"Don't speak nonsense. You entered the Kazi's house through my help and burgled his house. What further business you have with me?"

"I burgled his house and decamped with his ill-gotten money, true. But what for? So that you and I can marry and live happily hereafter. I have enough money for a luxurious living." The lady opened an almirah full of gold and other valuables.

"But I am in trouble now. I am accused of conspiring with

you to burgle the Kazi's house!"

"So what? In no time you can throw the burden on the Kazi himself!" said the lady and she told the policeman what he should do.

Now both laughed. The policeman went to his chief's house and said, "Sir, I am afraid, the lady is still in the Kazi's house ! I came to this conclusion after some secret investigation. Let us visit his house right now and let me see if I can trace her!"

The chief accompanied the policeman to the Kazi's house. The Kazi was surprised and disgusted to learn of their suspicion. But he let them search his house.

"Will you please tell me what was the colour of the lady's dress?" asked the policeman.

"Yellow, if I remember correctly," said the Kazi.

Suddenly, from beneath a box in a corner of a room, the policeman drew an apparel that was yellow — and there was blood on it!

The Kazi and the chief stood stunned. A long time passed.

"Why did you murder the lady?" the chief asked the Kazi.

"Murder? Do you mean to

say that I did it?" The Kazi could not say a word more. He broke down.

"Be calm, sir. Perhaps somebody else in your house has done it. Well, I should be considerate. I shall not bring any trouble on you. Let us think that nothing at all has happened," said the chief magistrate. Then looking at the policeman, he said, "Don't speak a word about it to anybody."

"I shall obey you, sir!" said the policeman with great satisfaction.

They dispersed. With great joy the policeman ran to meet his lady. He marvelled at her craftiness. Not only had she stolen everything from the Kazi's house, but also had planted the 'proof' to suggest

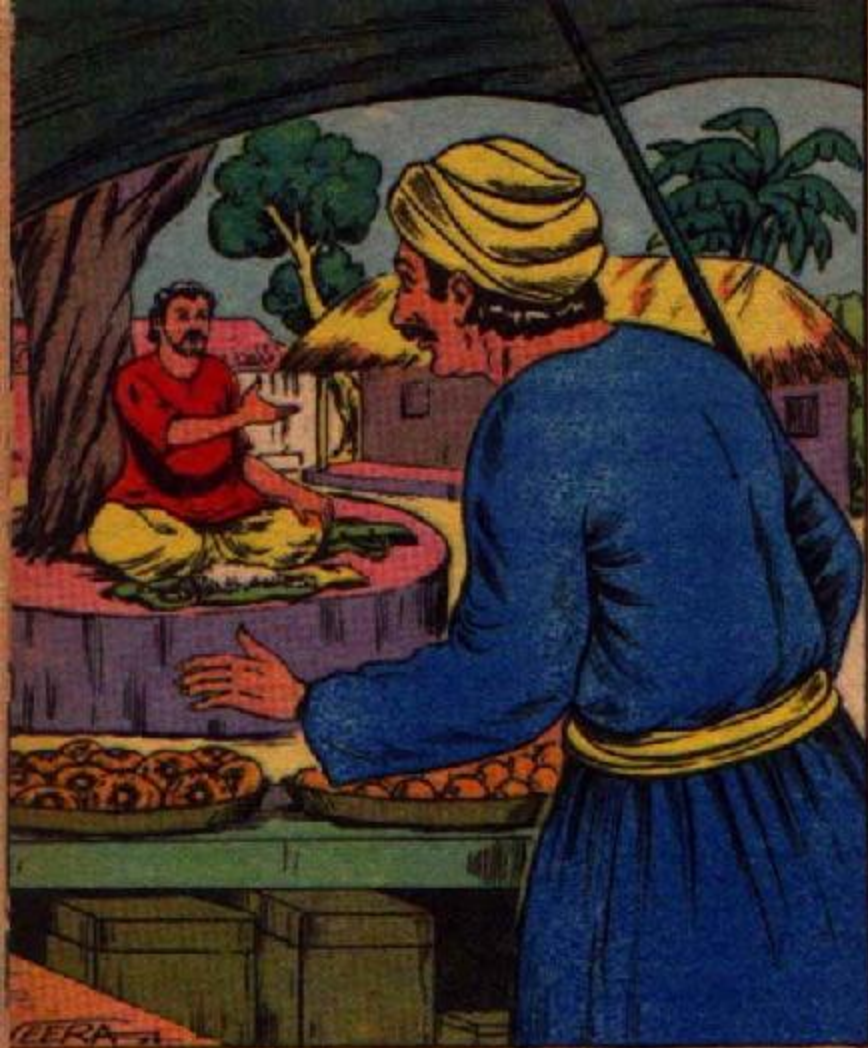
that she had been murdered in the Kazi's house!

The policeman, on reaching his destination, found the house locked. He waited for a long time. Then he grew impatient and asked the neighbours where the lady of the house was!

"Who is the lady of the house? The house has been lying deserted for years. Yes, a certain lady occupied it for last three or four days. But we saw her leaving today," they said.

Since then the policeman is roving half mad. "I helped her to burgle a house. I damaged the reputation of the innocent Kazi! All for stupidity and greed. How can I behave like a normal man? Can anyone guilty of such deeds be ever in peace?" he asked again and again.





SMELL AND SHADOW

"Come on, don't go away before paying me a quarter of a rupee!" said the stall-keeper.

The traveller smiled. "Why quarter of a rupee?" I'll buy whatever you have to offer and pay a full rupee when I pass by this way the next time!" he said.

"Next time is all right. But what about my due this time?" demanded the stall-keeper.

"I did not buy anything from you this time!" said the traveller, surprised.

"Nevertheless, you have relished my things!" asserted the stall-keeper.

Those present there got curious. The stall-keeper asked, addressing the small crowd, "Ladies and gentlemen, which way is the breeze blowing?"

"From south to the north," the crowd replied.

"Now, to which side of my stall this traveller sat?" he asked again.

"To the north."

"So, the delicious smell of the dishes I cooked was reaching him in full blast. He has also

A poor traveller sat down under a banyan tree. He opened his bag and brought out some food and began to eat.

"Come, come, buy something. I've freshly cooked food items!" shouted the owner of the small stall which was a few yards away from the tree.

"Thanks, brother, but I've enough to eat. No doubt you are selling delicious dishes. I can smell them. I'll taste them another time," said the good-natured traveller.

The stall-keeper kept busy selling his stuff to others. The traveller finished taking food and stood up, ready to go.

admitted to having enjoyed them. His own food must have tasted rich because of the smell. Why should he not pay me?" asked the stall-keeper with a chuckle.

"He ought to pay you," said an impressive-looking man, coming out of the crowd.

"Thank you. You're a wise man."

"He should pay you. Of course it has to be decided in what manner he should pay!" said the wise man.

"Please decide. I'll abide by your decision," the stall-keeper said, happy that he was going to receive something out of nothing.

"Let the crowd bear witness to this. The stall-keeper will accept my decision," said the wise man. Then he asked the stall-keeper to stand in the sun and asked the traveller to hold a quarter-rupee in his hand. He adjusted their positions in such a manner that the shadow of the quarter rupee fell on the stall-keeper.

"The transaction is over. Money for food. For the smell of food, the price is the shadow of the money!" declared the wise man.

The crowd laughed in a roar. The happy traveller thanked the wise man and went away.



The most interesting anecdote I have come across

The Bank Manager and the Farmer

A farmer went to a national bank and asked for a loan of two hundred rupees.

"What security can you offer?" asked the manager.

"I own two pairs of bullocks."

He got the loan. After the harvest season he came back to the bank. Before the manager he untied a knot in a corner of his dhoti and unfolded a stack of ten-rupee-notes. He paid his dues with interest.

Observing that he was still left with fifty rupees, the manager said, "Why don't you deposit that much money in our bank?" The manager was anxious to cultivate the banking habit in the man.

The farmer surveyed the manager and asked in a matter-of-fact tone, "Well, how many pairs of bullocks do you have?"

Once in his life the manager felt like resigning his post and taking to farming.

—B. Jayaram Rao.



WHO WAS SHAKESPEARE?

William Shakespeare, no doubt, was a gentleman who acted on the stage and did some business. He also held shares in two theatres.

But who except his biographers cares about these mundane details of his life? We adore him as one of the greatest writers the world has ever known!

But did he really write those 36 plays and 154 sonnets that go by his name?

No, the question is not as absurd as it sounds. Shakes-

peare was born in 1564 and he died in 1616. Out of this short span of 52 years he could have spent only less than half in London. Life was hard for a writer and he had to devote much time to works other than writing. He had very little education. There was no library where he could have studied history and consulted other books which would provide him with source materials for his plays. We must not forget that his plays, apart from their literary quality, show wide know-



ledge of politics, psychology, law, languages and history and events of many countries. Normally, only a writer of exceptional scholarship, placed in a comfortable and carefree environment, could have produced such works.

But the greatest argument against Shakespeare being the author is quite practical in nature. Shakespeare was a prudent man in worldly affairs. He makes mention of every item he possessed in his will. But he makes no reference in the document to the royalty or the income that was expected from his books!

Why not? Could it not be for the simple reason that he knew that the books were not his?

There are about 50 names put forward by different scholars claiming that they were the real authors of Shakespeare's works. They include Sir Walter Raleigh and the Earls of Essex and Oxford. Even Shakespeare's wife, Ann Hathway, is a guess!

Why should someone else use Shakespeare's name for his plays? There must be some very strong reason for this! Here comes in the name of Christopher Marlowe, the other great playwright of the time. After writing a few remarkable plays,



Marlowe disappeared in 1593! Next year Shakespeare made his first appearance in London.

So here is a detective-like theory: Marlowe was himself a detective officer. He was keen to expose a very influential man of some secret crimes. This man employed murderers to finish off Marlowe. When Marlowe's friends learnt of this plot, they spread a rumour that Marlowe had been killed in course of a quarrel with a drunkard in a tavern at Canterbury. There was a young man killed, but he was not Marlowe. Marlowe was smuggled out of England. He settled down in Italy and wrote

play after play and sent them to his friends. Shakespeare being a share holder-cum-manager of the stage, it was convenient to release the plays through him! Because Marlowe lived in Italy, in the Shakespearean plays Italy is often the setting.

All said and done, we must come back to our faith in Master William Shakespeare. An exceptional genius can do impossible things. That is what Shakespeare did. Nevertheless, as the great novelist Charles Dickens put it, "The life of William Shakespeare is a fine mystery and I tremble every day lest something should turn up."



Nature's Kingdom

The Dam Builders

The beavers of North America work tirelessly to maintain the dams which protect their homes

Long before man learned to dam rivers, beavers (a kind of rodent) were living in homes which were protected by dams.

The North American beaver lives in a dome-shaped house called a lodge built on the edge of a pond or small stream with the floor just above water level. It is nearly two metres in diameter and about a metre high.

Each lodge has two entrances, both of them under the water. One of the entrances is reached by a long, winding tunnel which is used in an emergency when the beaver is chased by an enemy. The other is reached by a straight tunnel and is the "front door" to the beaver's house.

American beavers experience cold winters, so the tunnel entrances must be made in water that is too deep to freeze solid in winter. It is to increase the depth of the water that the beavers build dams.

The object of the dam is to prevent the water from flowing along the stream. Instead, the water spreads out behind the dam to form a fairly deep pond or small lake.

Dam-building begins with the beavers standing on their hindlegs to gnaw through the trunks of trees. The logs are next gnawed into short lengths and floated to the site of the dam.

There they are sunk to the bottom of the stream and kept down by stones pushed on to

them by the beavers.

The log framework is next tightly packed with mud and gravel until a water-tight dam has been built 17 or more metres long.

This activity can be seen in North America, the only place where large beaver colonies are found. Although there are beavers in some parts of Europe, they do not build dams as a rule. Mostly they live in river banks.

A fully grown beaver measures two thirds of a metre from the tip of its nose to the root of its tail. This tail, which is a third of a metre long, is broad and flat with a horny covering like scales. It is used as a rudder when the animal is swimming and also to signal danger.

When a beaver sees an enemy, it immediately beats the water with its tail to make a loud splashing noise which warns the colony.

Beavers are rodents or gnawing animals. Baby beavers, called kittens, are born in the early spring. Each mother has between two and eight young which she looks after for about a year.

Soon the babies will be big enough to begin sharing in the work of dam-building, for a beaver's work is never done.

Dams must be maintained and leaks repaired by the perpetually busy beavers.





THE DREAM

There was a villager whose son fell ill. When the physicians in the village could not cure the boy, the farmer hired a cart and carried the boy to a famous physician in the town.

The patient was admitted to the physician's nursing home. "Please do all you can to cure my son," the villager said to the physician, tears streaming down his cheeks. "This is my only child."

"Be sure, we will do our best. But I should not hide the fact from you that the boy is really in a serious condition," said the

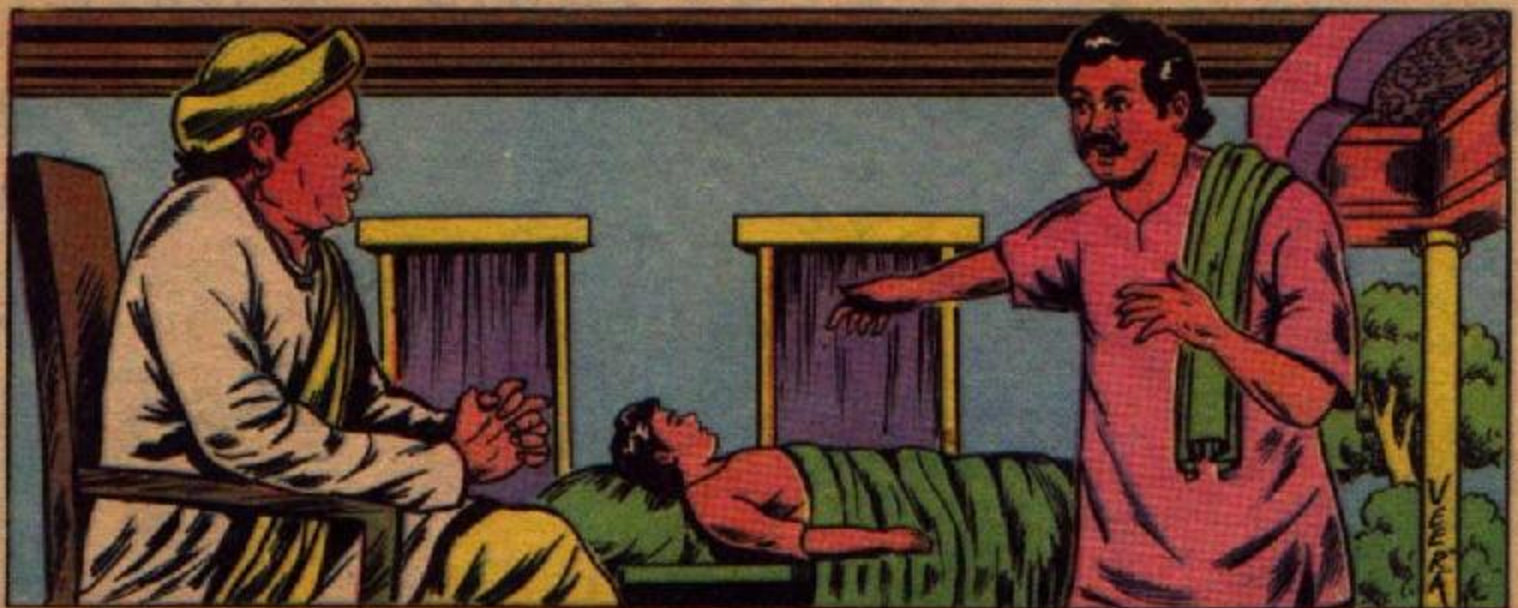
physician.

No doubt the physician and his staff treated the boy with great care, but his condition began to deteriorate. At that the villager wept bitterly, sitting by the side of the patient's bed.

He sat awake the whole night. He fell asleep for a short time towards the end of the night.

When he woke up, the physician spread his arm around him and informed him, as cautiously as possible, that the boy had breathed his last!

The villager nodded. After sitting quiet for some time, he



got busy to arrange for the funeral.

After everything was over, the physician led the villager into his private chamber and asked, "My friend, something in your attitude surprised me. You were crying continuously before your son died. But when you were informed of his death, you just nodded. You did not shed a drop of tear at the news. What brought about this change in you?"

The villager smiled and said, "Sir, I had fallen asleep for a short time. During that short time I dreamt a long story. I was the king of a happy land. I lived in a palace that was as beautiful as Indra's abode. I had a charm-

ing queen. I was the proud father of eight lovely sons.

"My sons grew up. One of them was a great wrestler, another a great archer, the third one was a musician, the fourth was a magician, so and so forth. I was happy and proud.

"Suddenly I woke up. All my eight worthy sons were gone! Then you informed me of the death of my son. I sat bewildered. Should I weep for those eight sons or for this one? I realised that like the dream I dreamt, the life too is a dream. If I did not cry over the loss of what I had in my dream, why should I cry over the loss of what I had in life?"

The villager then took leave of the physician.



The most interesting anecdote I have come across

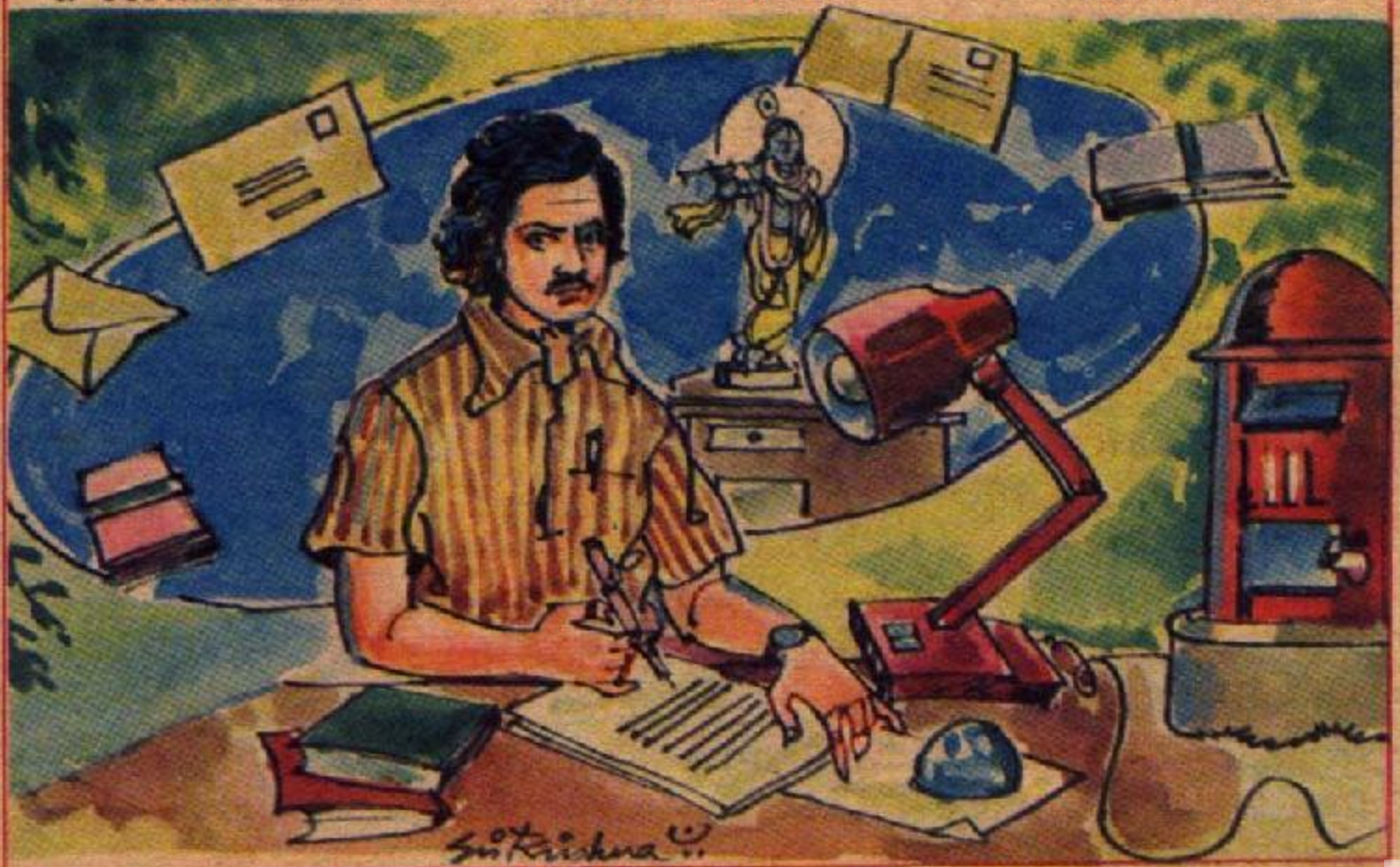
God and Government

A postmaster found in the mail a letter addressed to God. After deliberations, he forwarded it to the Prime Minister.

The Prime Minister was amused. At the same time she was moved by the content of the letter which narrated its writer's sufferings and wanted a sum of Rs. 250 from God.

At the Prime Minister's direction the amount was remitted to him. A witty secretary wrote to him that God had heard his prayer.

A few days later the man addressed yet another letter to God which reached the Prime Minister's secretariat once again. "Dear God," it read, "thanks for the amount. Next time you send me any money, send me directly instead of forwarding it through the Government. I am told that these fellows keep back a certain amount as their commission." —Keran S. Abraham.





Sunrise in the West

Long ago there was a prince named Pratáp. Once he put on the clothes of an ordinary man and travelled through the kingdom. He wished to have a first-hand knowledge of the people's condition.

He had to throw away his shoes when one of the pair got torn. While walking bare-footed he set his foot on a thorn. It got stuck to the palm of his foot. He sat down feeling quite helpless.

Nandita, a peasant's daughter who happened to pass by, saw his condition. She picked up another thorn and, with its help, removed the thorn stuck to the prince's palm. Then she squeezed juice out of medicinal leaves and applied it on his wound. She even tore a strip from her saree and bandaged his foot.

"I am most thankful to you.

How can I help you?" asked the prince.

"Learn to help yourself before thinking of helping me. I found you perplexed at a mere thorn entering your foot!" Nandita giggled and said.

The prince found her to be bright and charming. He too laughed and said, "Well, till today I had never walked bare-footed. I really did not know how one felt when pricked by a thorn! Whenever I had some problem, a dozen people came forward to solve it for me. However, had you not been here, I would have somehow struggled with my difficulty and found out a solution myself! Tell me, what can I do for you?"

"You speak as if you are a king! Why don't you make me a queen then?" Nandita said after another giggle.

"I'm the would-be king, if not the king. You are beautiful, intelligent and forthright. What objection can I have to make you the would-be queen?"

Nandita eyed the prince with suspicion. She assumed gravity and said, "I'm afraid, our jokes are going a bit far. I'm to blame. Goodbye!"

She was about to go away. But the prince signed her to stop.

"I'm sure you were joking. But I was not. I am the crown-prince of this kingdom. I am to ascend the throne in six months because my father has decided to retire. You can say, I'm

almost the king."

"True?"

"True."

"If it is true, you should be able to make the Ganga flow through your kingdom and the sun rise in the West!" said Nandita. "Only then we can marry."

"You seem to be in a mood for jokes even now!" commented the prince.

"It is no joke. A true ruler can do what I said. You can marry me when you become a true ruler!"

Nandita went away. The prince marked her house and returned to the palace.

"Can any of you make the



river Ganga flow through our kingdom and make the sun rise in the west?" he asked the ministers and the wisest of the courtiers.

They stood bewildered. One minister whispered to another, "I should not be surprised if our crown-prince was possessed by some evil power during his travel!"

"Father, what sounds absurd to you concerns my prestige and much more!" said the prince. Then he reported to the king what took place between himself and Nandita.

The king grew curious. He sent his old minister to Nandita's house with an invitation for her. She came and told the king humbly, "My lord, I said something in a lighter vein, without knowing that I was talking to the crown-prince. Pardon me my audacity."

But the king was fascinated by the girl. "Somehow I have a feeling that your statement had something more than a mere joke in it. Tell me, can you make the Ganga flow through our kingdom or make the sun rise in the west?" he said.

Nandita bowed to the king and said, "Since you have taken



what I said quite seriously. I must be honest with you. Yes, I could have performed both the miracles if I had the authority of a king."

The king sat thoughtful for a moment. Then he said, "Well, I was to retire in six months. Instead, I retire tomorrow. You'll rule the kingdom for six months. But, mind you, my son will be in charge of the army. Should you try to usurp the throne, you'll invite your own peril. Can you do the miracles in six months?"

"Six months should be good enough time," said Nandita.

The king announced in the



court that at the advice of an astrologer, for the welfare of the kingdom, he was making Nandita the monarch for six months.

On occupying the throne, Nandita immediately launched some thoughtful schemes to improve the lot of the people. She dug a hundred wells in an area where the people suffered on account of scarcity of drinking water. She sent all the gifted detectives to another area where a thief had proved a menace. The thief was caught. She rounded up all the beggars and put them in a relief centre where each of them had to do some light work, but all were

provided with food and clothes.

What is more, she rode herself to different areas, talked to the common people and took steps to remove their difficulties. She was never haughty and always kind. The people looked upon her as their mother.

At the beginning of the sixth month she told the king and the prince, "Will you please accompany me in a short tour of the kingdom?"

They happily consented to it. The three rode forth. The people enthusiastically greeted them.

"Your Highness, you may ask anyone how far is the river Ganga," Nandita told the king.

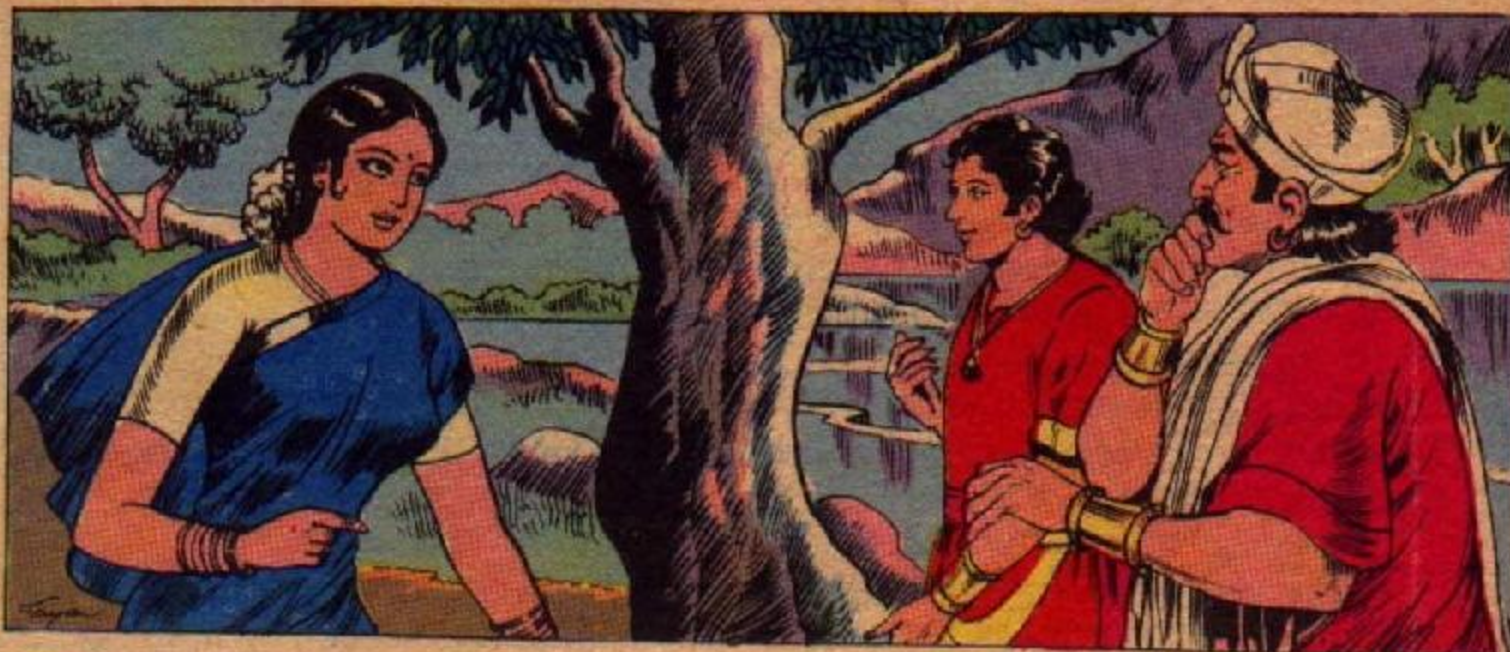
"How far is the Ganga?" the king asked a passer-by.

"There is she!" the man said, throwing his hand in the direction of the river that flowed through the kingdom.

"Now, Your Highness, you may ask him where the sun rises," proposed Nandita.

The king put the question to the man. His instant reply was, "In the West, of course!"

The king repeated his questions about the river Ganga and the direction of sunrise to as many people as he met. All gave



the same replies.

Back in the palace he could not but marvel at his experience.

"My lord," said Nandita humbly, "Who does not know that the Ganga could not be brought here nor could the sun be made to rise in the West? What I meant is, if a ruler can be the king over the hearts of his people, he can do incredible things. Your subjects loved me. So

when I asked them to call our river by the name Ganga and to call the East the West, they obliged me."

"It is wonderful, my daughter, it is wonderful!" exclaimed the king.

The prince and Nandita were married soon. The king retired and the prince ascended the throne. No wonder that he proved an excellent ruler with Queen Nandita by his side.

The Pig Defined

An angry Mr. Munshi told his little son, "You are a pig!"

Mrs. Munshi, not sure if her son understood the rebuke, asked him, "Do you know what is a pig?"

"Yes, a hog's little son!"



Virbahu's Piety

Virbahu was never known to be kind to anybody, though he was rich. Upon his death, his spirit travelled to the gate of heaven.

"Virbahu, what made you think that you can be admitted to heaven?" asked the surprised gate-keeper.

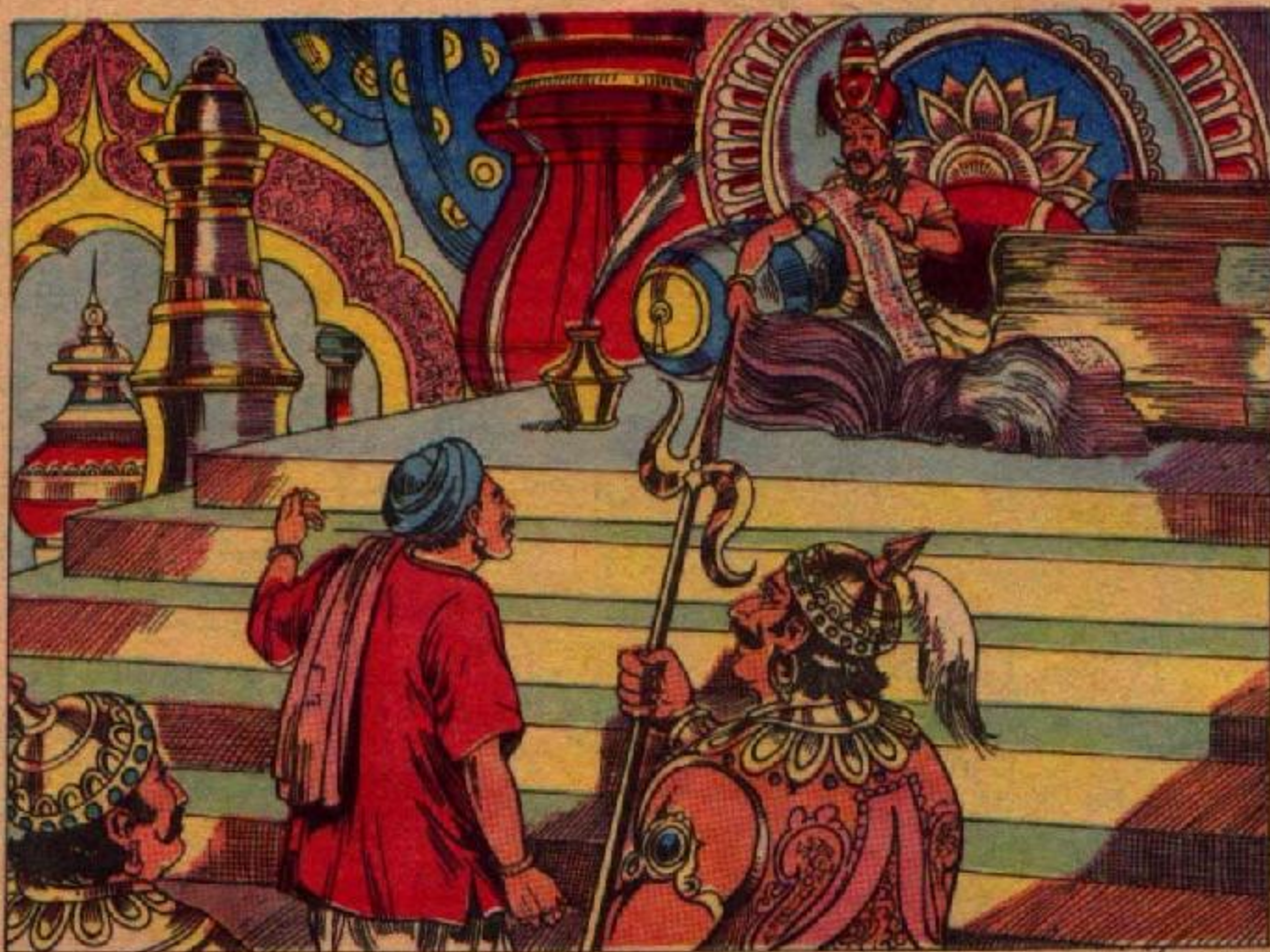
"What do you know of my piety? Ask your master and he will tell you how I donated money to a dying old woman in a festival on the banks of the sacred Godavari," retorted Virbahu.

"Is that so?" said the gate-keeper. "Let me go and see."

At the gate-keeper's report about Virbahu's piety, the godly superintendent of heaven said, "All donations to the needy finally reach our store. Let us see what he gave." Soon he found out that what Virbahu had donated was a coin of the smallest value, that too so worn-out the nobody would have accepted it. However, the dying woman had felt happy.

"It is the woman's goodwill for you that enabled you to travel up to this entrance chamber of heaven. Now the effect of your piety is exhausted. Begone—to hell," said the superintendent.

"If to hell I must go, why should you keep my coin?" Virbahu snatched the worn-out and went away.





*New Tales of King
Vikram and the Vampire*

A KING ACCUSED!

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. At the intervals of thunderclaps could be heard the moaning of jackals and the eerie laughter of the spirits. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, no sooner had he begun crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying on his shoulder than the vampire that possessed the corpse observed, "O King, you deserve to be praised for your courage and patience. Obviously you have some success in view. But there are people who refuse to enjoy the fruits of their labour even when they have achieved a certain success. Let me narrate an incident to you. Pay attention to it. That might bring you some



relief.”

The vampire went on: In the city of Girinagar in the land of Ujjal lived two sisters, Urmila and Vasanti by name. They had lost their parents in their childhood. Their grandmother who took care of them had died too.

The people of Girinagar were very fond of the two girls. Both were beautiful. Urmila was an excellent musician while Vasanti was a scholar.

Once there was a drought in the land of Ujjal. The people were in trouble. At that critical time Kirtisen, the king of the neighbouring Haripur, attacked Ujjal. The king of Ujjal, Vi-

jayendra, was defeated and taken prisoner.

However, Kirtisen, the conqueror, was unhappy to see the condition of Ujjal. The works which King Vijayendra had begun in order to help the drought-stricken people, were continued by Kirtisen.

One day while riding through Girinagar, King Kirtisen happened to see Vasanti. He was charmed. He thought of marrying her. However, busy as he was at that time, he went away.

Next day he passed through Girinagar on his return journey.

Something surprising came to the notice of the people of Girinagar soon after the king passed by. Urmila had been to the river for bathing and fetching water. After the king and his body-guards crossed the shallow water riding horses, Urmila was not to be seen.

There was no question of one drowning in the river that had been reduced to a thin stream. What could have happened to Urmila?

When Urmila did not return till the evening, Vasanti wept. Soon she took two escorts and set out for the capital of Hari-

pur. The capital was not very far. They spent the night in an inn close to the town. They resumed their journey in the morning.

They reached the royal court soon after the king had taken seat. Vasanti appeared at the centre of the court and said bravely, "O King, I come from Girinagar. My sister, Urmila, cannot be traced since yesterday noon."

The king, surprised as well as happy to see Vasanti, said, "We will do our best to find her out. What is your suspicion?"

"She has been kidnapped, I'm afraid," said Vasanti.

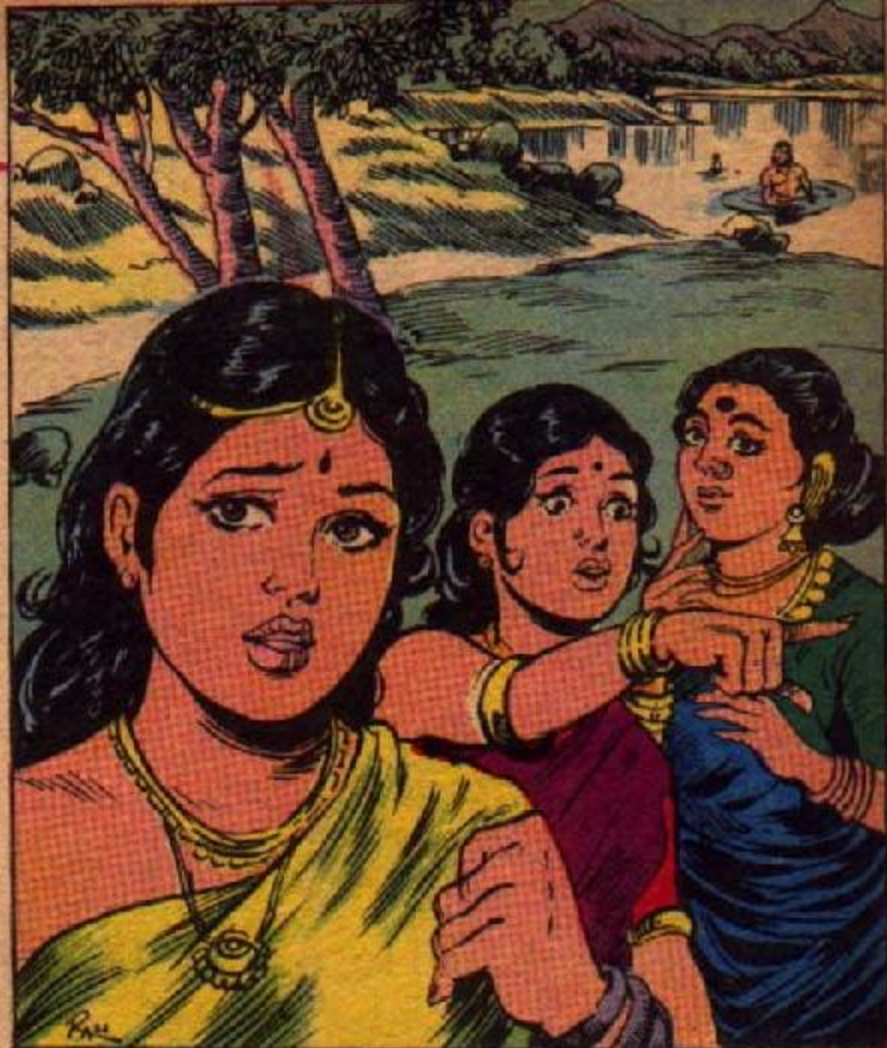
"Who do you think is the culprit?" asked the king.

"One who is in the habit of taking advantage of the helpless states of others!" firmly said Vasanti.

"What you say sounds like a riddle. Should you not speak out what is in your mind, quite clearly?" asked the king.

"O King, I have come ready to face the consequence of my audacity. But I must speak truly what I think. I suspect you to be the kidnapper!" said Vasanti.

"What! You suspect me!" The king sounded shocked.



"I know that my accusation will make you angry. You crossed the river just when my sister was there, alone. She is missing after that. Never has any man of Girinagar been accused of kidnapping anybody. But these are not the only reasons for my suspecting you of the crime. You could seize our kingdom when we were in distress due to drought. Why should you not seize a young lady when she is helpless?" said Vasanti.

The king sat grave and silent. Vasanti smiled. She felt sure that the king kept quiet because he had no courage to contradict her!

"Can I expect to get back my sister?" asked Vasanti.

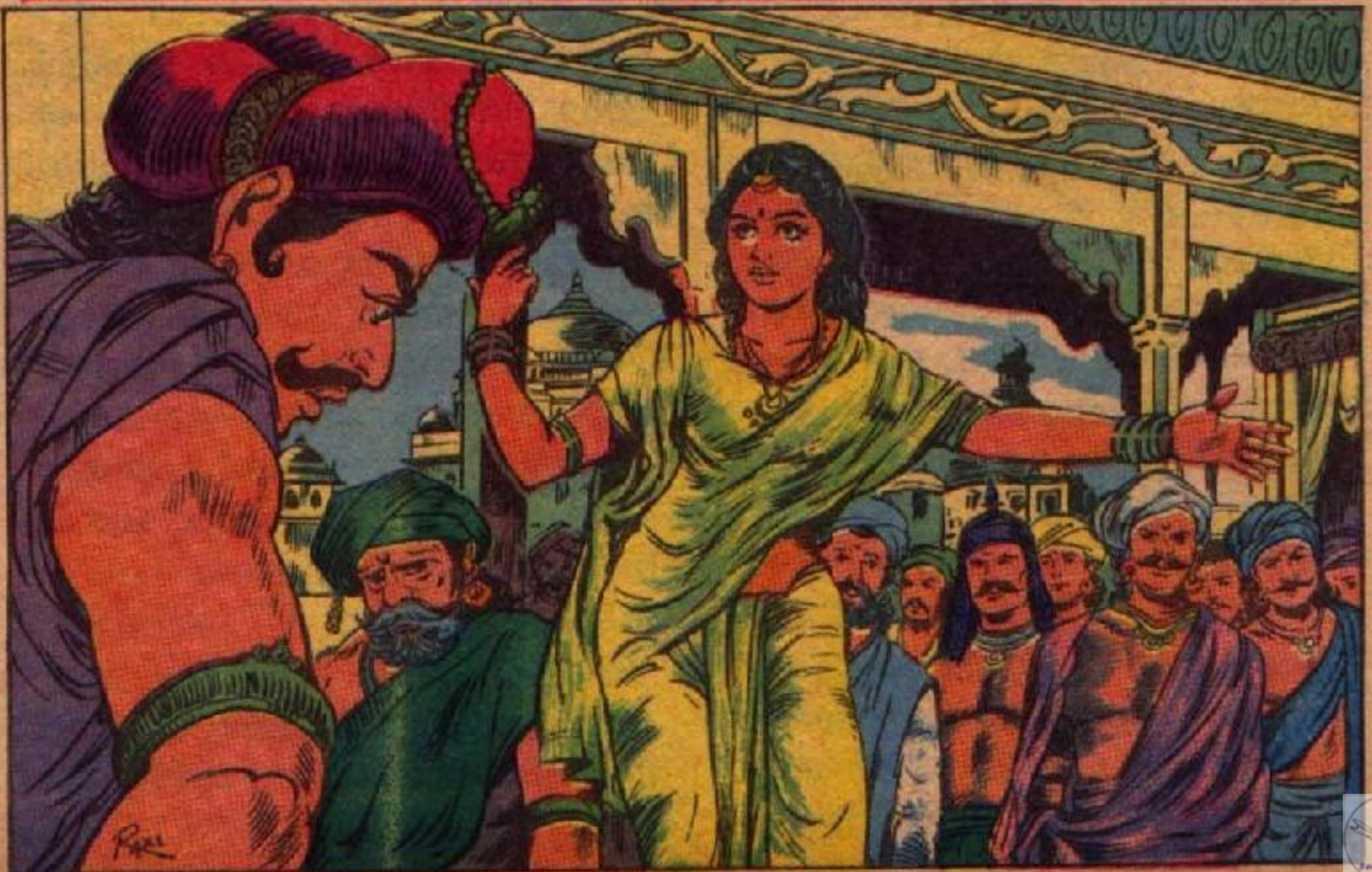
The king woke up from his reverie. He focused his gaze on Vasanti and said, "We will very much like you to get back your sister. You'll know whatever be the outcome of our effort in two days. You may wait in our guest house."

But Vasanti returned to Girinagar with her escorts. To her amazement she saw Urmila back at home. In fact, Urmila had appeared soon after Vasanti left for Haripur. Urmila had decided to marry a musician. both had kept their decision a secret because a very influential

man of Girinagar desired to marry Urmila. They were afraid that he might create difficulties for them. Urmila would have told everything to Vasanti. But before she had done so, the musician called her to a temple. There was an auspicious moment for solemnising marriages.

Vasanti repented for her rudeness towards King Kirtisen. She started on a journey for Haripur once again. On arrival, she profusely apologised to the king for her conduct.

The king smiled and said, "I am grateful to you." He gave some gifts to her and sent her back to Girinagar with royal



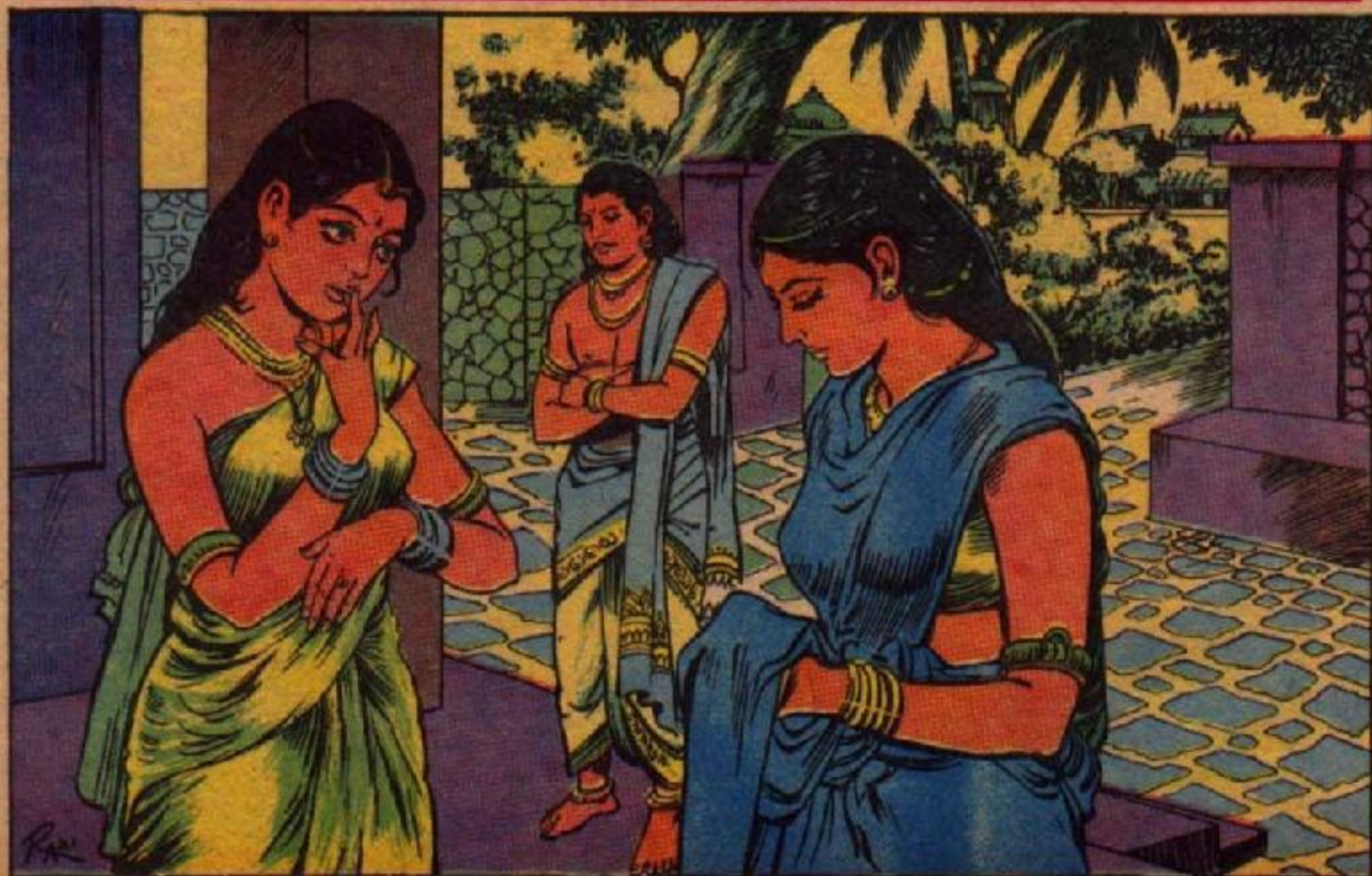
guards.

Next day King Kirtisen went to Ujjal and set King Vijayendra free and restored his kingdom to him.

After a pause, the vampire demanded of King Vikram in a challenging tone: "O King, I am intrigued by King Kirtisen. Vasanti insulted him. Yet his conduct towards her was tender. Why? The king desired to marry Vasanti. After Vasanti apologised to him, why did he not put forth that proposal? Why did he give up the land of Ujjal which he had conquered? What could be the cause of his feeling grateful to Vasanti? Answer me if

you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your neck."

Forthwith answered King Vikram, "There were two reasons for the king not reacting rudely to Vasanti's conduct. The king, at the first sight of Vasanti, had liked her. Secondly Vasanti made him conscious that the people of Ujjal thought him wicked because he conquered it when it was passing through bad days. King Kirtisen, no doubt, was a good man. He conquered Ujjal because it was a tradition with the kings to conquer other lands.





But he was not willing to earn a bad reputation on that account. Because Vasanti let him know what the people thought of him, he felt grateful towards her.

“He gave up his desire to marry Vasanti because, though Vasanti’s anguish could be appreciated, the courtiers got

the impression that she was haughty and rude. The impression about a would-be queen should be quite different. Vasanti unwittingly spoilt that impression.”

No sooner had the king concluded his reply than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.

WONDER WITH COLOURS



The Resurgent India

While rapid political developments led to the great Mutiny of 1857, new ideas and concepts were paving the way for national awakening and reformations. The foremost of the reformers was Raja Rammohan Roy.



Born in the Hughli district of Bengal in 1772, Rammohan mobilised popular opinion and influenced the authorities to act against the *Sati* and several such derogatory practices in the society. In 1828 he established the Brahma Sabha that preached oneness of God, abolition of caste system, emancipation of women etc.



Rammohan also demanded equal treatment of Indians with Englishmen. He insisted on English teaching in Indian schools so that the voice of India could be heard abroad. The Mughal ruler of Delhi, Emperor Akbar II, invested him with the title of Raja and sent him to England to let the people there know the Indian condition.



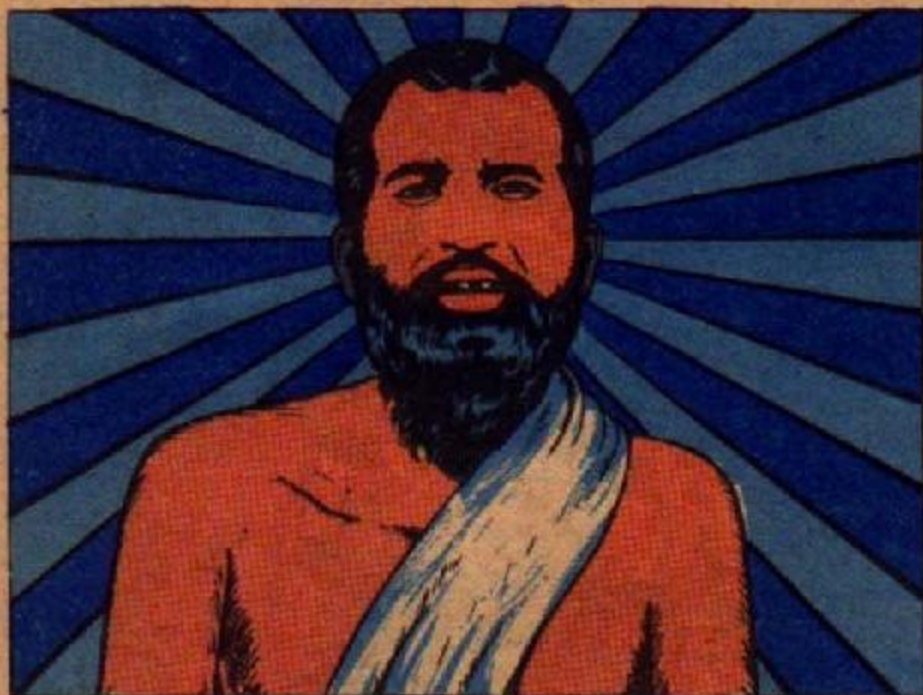
After presenting India's case strongly, Raja Rammohan died in England in 1833. Another great scholar and reformer was Swami Dayananda Saraswati, born at Morvi in Gujarat in 1824. He interpreted the Vedas, world's oldest spiritual scriptures, in a new light. He founded the Arya Samaj that pioneered many reforms.

He was also a great educationist. His ideas inspired the Gurukul educational institution at Hardwar. This system of education acquainted the students with the spirit of their heritage instead of merely giving them facts and information.



In 1836, in a village called Kumarpukur in Bengal was born Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa. As a child of six, while looking at a covey of snow-white cranes flying against thunder-clouds, he entered a state of trance or Samadhi, the all-forgetting experience of spiritual bliss.

Ramakrishna became the priest in the temple of Goddess Kali built by Rani Rasmani. He used to have the vision of the Divine Mother and could talk to Her. One after another he followed different spiritual paths and found that all paths led to the same Divine.



Soon seekers flocked to him. They were charmed by the simple way in which Sri Ramakrishna taught them profound spiritual truths. Gradually Sri Ramakrishna was accepted as an Avatar, an incarnation of the Divine.

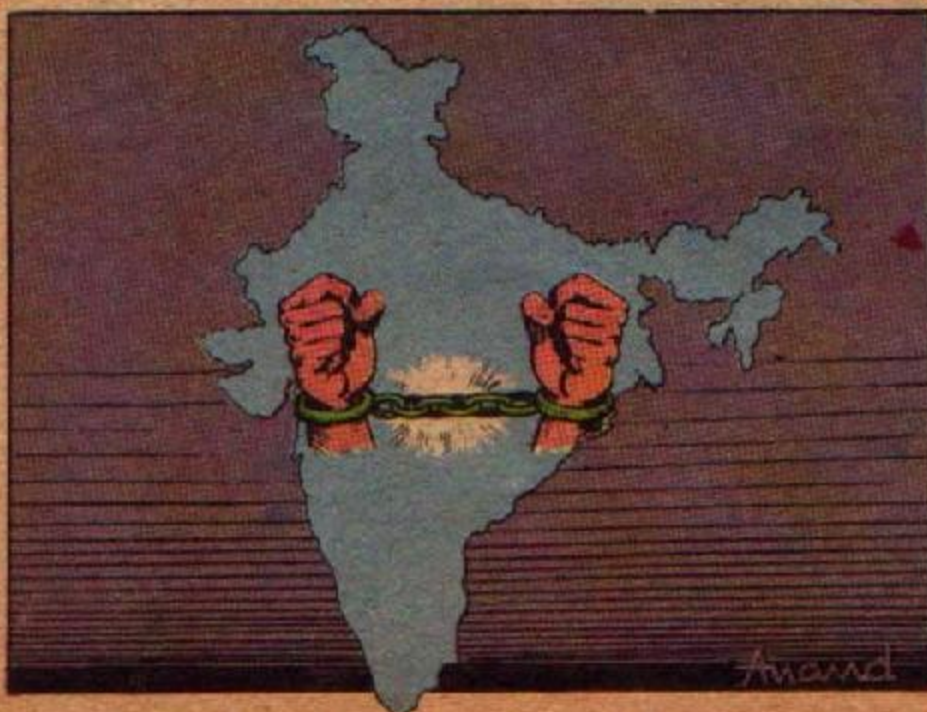
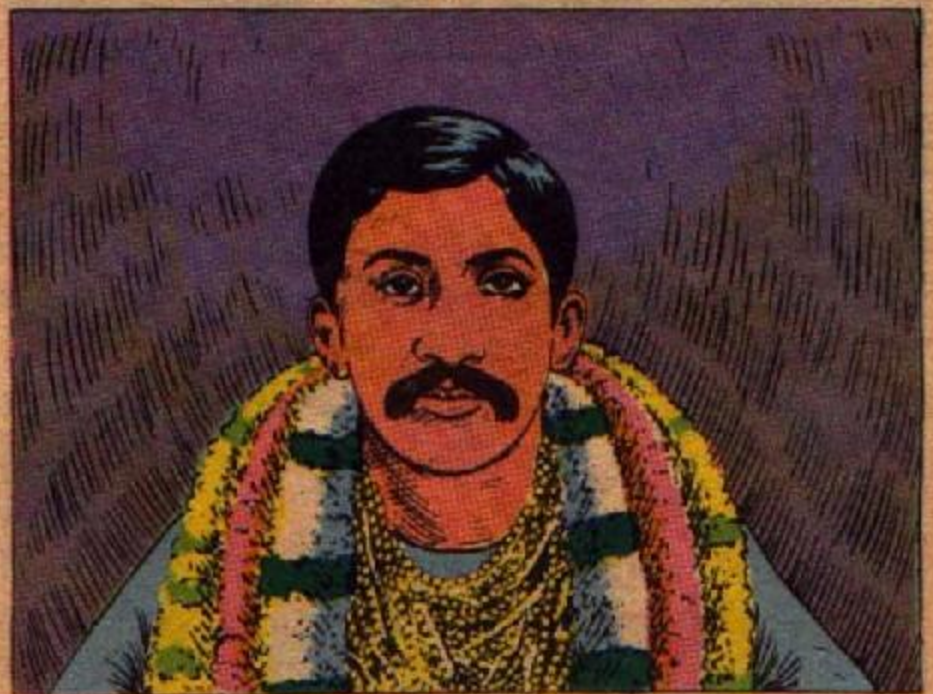
Among those who came to Sri Ramakrishna was a young man called Narendra, afterwards to become famous as Swami Vivekananda. Born in 1863, Vivekananda met Sri Ramakrishna in 1881 and became his disciple.





In 1893 Swami Vivekananda attended the Parliament of Religions at Chicago (U.S.A.). His spiritual exposition in the conference came as a great revelation for thinkers and seekers in the West. With awe and wonder they learnt about India's great spiritual heritage.

In 1893, while Swami Vivekananda was going from India to the West, another memorable voyage was taking place, from the West to India. The young Sri Aurobindo, who was to be soon known as "the Prophet of Indian nationalism", was coming home after his student-career in England.



In the meanwhile, in 1875, the renowned novelist and poet Bankimchandra had written the song "Vandemataram" or "Hail the Mother" — the song that was to act like a hymn in inspiring India's struggle for freedom in the years to come. Bankimchandra was rightly called the Rishi.



TOO MUCH AND TOO LITTLE

It did not take long for Mala to understand that her husband was a chatterbox. He talked too much. Ask him what hour of the day it is and he will tell you the names of the day and the month and also comment on the weather that prevails now as well as that prevailed yesterday and that is likely to prevail the next day.

If he met a friend, he must speak ten times more than his friend spoke.

Mala tried to tell her husband that it was no good talking too much. But there was no result. Mala was disappointed. As a protest against her husband's talkativeness, she spoke less and

less. A time came when it was difficult to hear from her anything more than a mere 'yes' or 'no.'

Mala's childhood friend, Sushama, was getting married. Sushama expected Mala to be present on the occasion.

"Should I go to Sushama's house in the town?" Mala asked her husband.

"It is your duty to attend her marriage. A true friend is the most precious property one can boast of. How many true friends can one have in one's lifetime? All my friends are married, except...."

"Who is asking for a list of your friends now? It is enough



that you have no objection to my attending Sushama's marriage," Mala cut in.

Horse-drawn carriages and bullock-carts plied between the villages and the town at frequent intervals. They picked up passengers for a fare. Mala got into a carriage and was at her friend's house on time for the function. Among the guests there were many familiar to her. But she had developed the habit of talking little. She overheard one classmate of hers, telling another, "What has become of Mala that she does not speak to us?"

"Who cares if she is so

proud!" commented the other.

By early next morning the bride and the bridegroom left. The guests began to disperse. Mala took leave of Sushama's parents and came out to the street. She saw a couple, whom she knew well, passing in a hired carriage. They would go beyond Mala's village. Mala could have accompanied them, but she waited for them to invite her. They did not invite her because they had observed how grave Mala looked and so they hesitated and the carriage moved away.

Mala waited for long, but no carriage came her way. It was towards the sunset that she saw an empty coach passing. She stopped it, persuaded the coachman to drive her, promising him double the fare.

The coach advanced rather slow. Mala was growing impatient. Soon it became dark. The coach came to a halt at a lonely place. Mala was surprised. Suddenly the coachman flashed a dagger and said, "Hand over to me all the money you have!"

Mala handed over to the ruffian whatever money she had.

"Get off the coach!" ordered the ruffian.

Mala got off nervously.

"Give me your necklace," commanded the ruffian next.

Mala hesitated. Just then they heard the sound of another coach coming that way. The ruffian snatched the necklace off Mala's neck. It got snapped and fell on the ground. There was no time to look for it because the other coach was getting closer. The coachman jumped into his coach and drove away fast.

Mala could have stopped the other coach, but she had been too dazed to shout. She walked all the way to her village. It was midnight by the time she

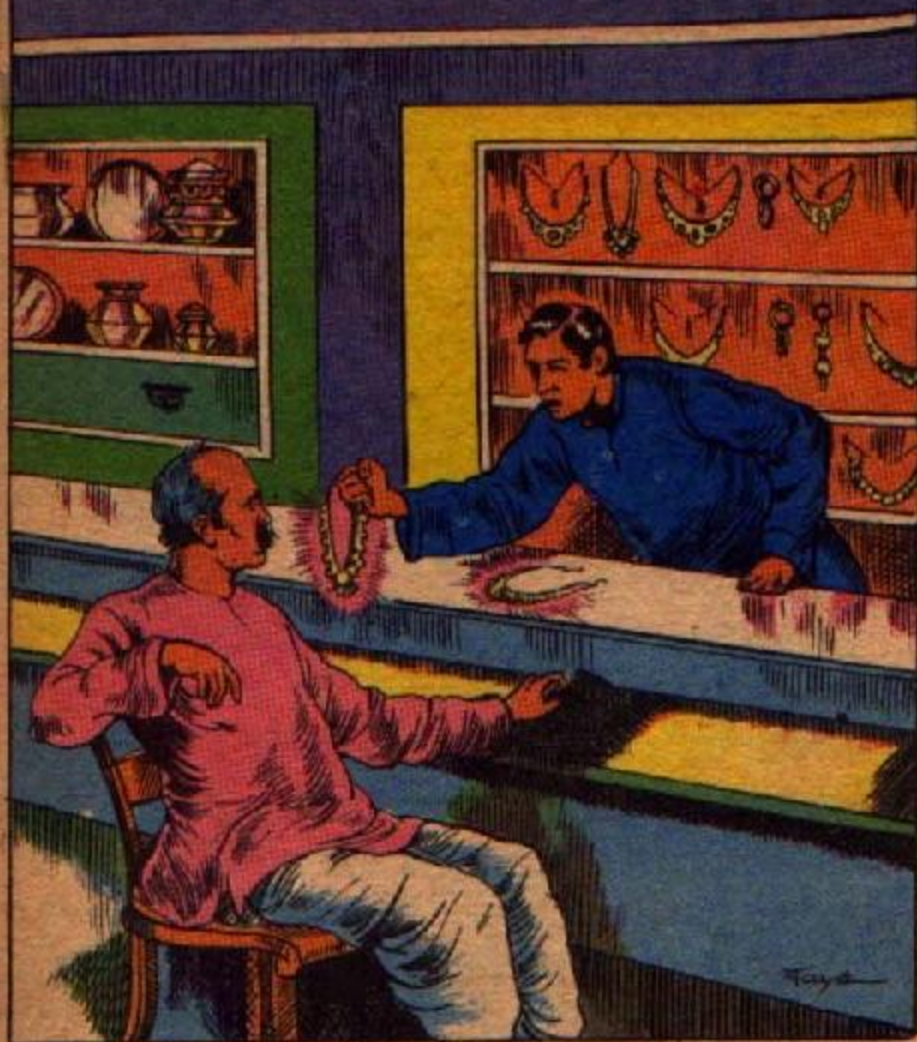
reached home.

Aditya heard her experience and said, "To let you go alone was my first mistake. To give you much money was my second mistake. To let you wear the gold necklace was my third mistake. Then...."

"Please stop. The necklace has snapped. Please get it repaired tomorrow. Here it is," said Mala, placing the necklace in a wooden box in Aditya's full sight.

For Aditya to get the necklace repaired was quite easy because he worked in a jewellery shop. He promised to do the needful.





But he forgot to carry the necklace with him when he went out to the shop in the morning.

He remembered it when a customer wanted to buy a thin necklace.

"My friend, it is not wise to go for any thin necklace. Because my wife's necklace was thin it got snapped as soon as a thief gave a pull to it. This happened only last night. I could have shown the thing to you had I not forgotten to bring it. Even now I could go and get it, for my house is not far. It is the 7th house in the Ghantakarna lane. But the difficulty is there is nobody at the moment to re-

place me at the counter here," blabbered on Aditya.

"Thanks, it is not necessary for me to see it!" said the customer and he went away.

Aditya was back home in the evening. "Did you get my necklace repaired?"

"I forgot to carry it today. It will be done tomorrow."

"What do you mean?" asked a surprised Mala.

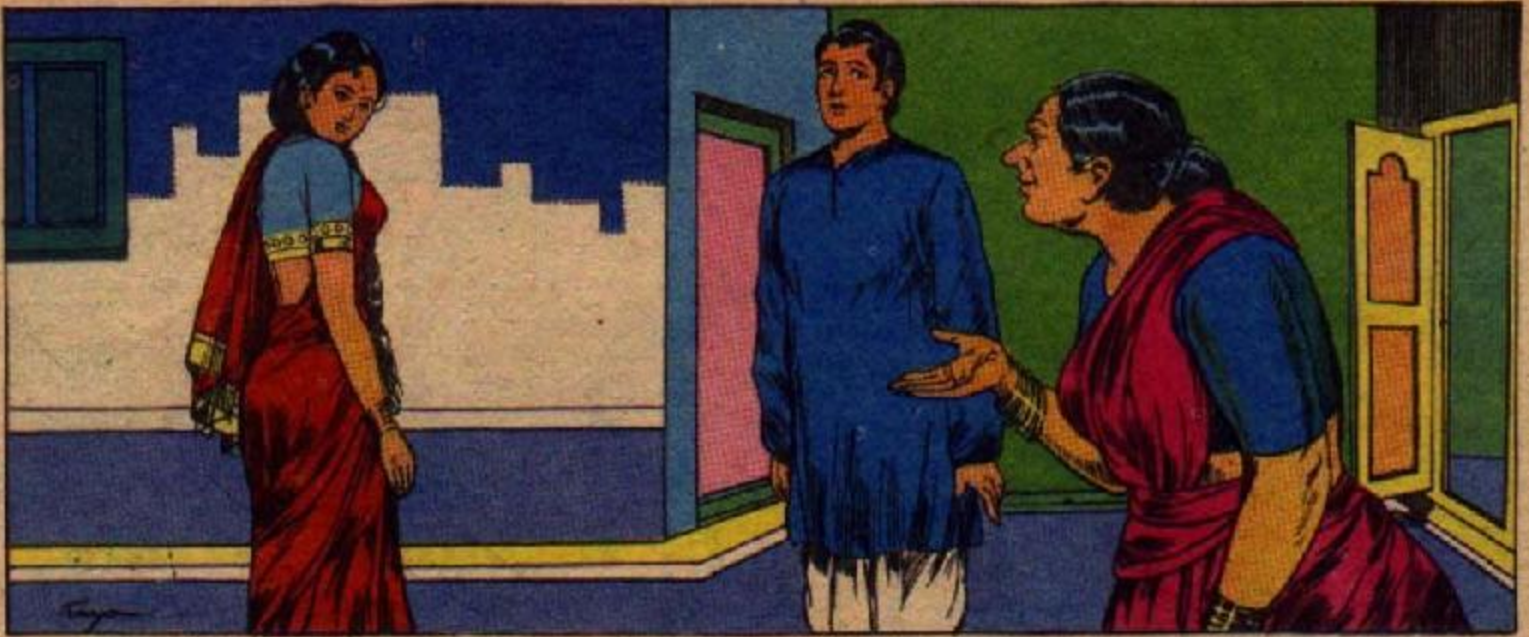
Then she narrated how a fellow told her that he had been sent by Aditya to collect the necklace, for Aditya had forgotten it in the wooden box. She naturally took the fellow to be an employee in the jewellery shop. The fellow even complimented her on account of her emerging unharmed from the ordeal!

"Was the fellow baldish? Had he pointed moustache? Was he in a pink full-sleeve shirt?" asked Aditya.

"Right," replied Mala.

Aditya understood that the fellow was none other than the one who looked for a thin necklace.

"You must have narrated my experience to somebody. You must have even told him where the necklace lay in the house!"



observed Mala.

Aditya remained silent.

Vrinda, their maid, who heard everything, said, "Please don't mind my comment. My master talks too much. My mother talks too little. It would

be so nice if both of you avoided these extreme ways and talked as much as necessary, neither less nor more!"

Aditya and Mala smiled and nodded their appreciation of Vrinda's advice.

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCE





A DRAMA WITHIN A DRAMA

Govind showed no interest in his studies. When he discontinued going to the school, his mother advised him to take up a job. She was even prepared to sell away all her ornaments to provide him with capital, should he wish to do any business.

But Govind showed no interest in any of these proposals either. His joy lay in acting in plays. He had appeared on the stage two or three times. But there was no much scope for acting in that village area.

"Govind, your talent will flourish only if you go over to town where there are several drama troupes. You can surely join one of them!" his friends told him.

That inspired Govind. One day he set out for the town.

It did not take him long to understand that it was not so

easy to join any drama troupe. The directors would take only experienced actors. There was no one in the town to certify that Govind had some experience in acting.

To his good luck, he met Sadanand, a budding director, who had newly formed a theatrical party. Sadanand was willing to give Govind a trial. What is more, he let Govind share his lodge. He had taken the house on rent from a Zamindar who lived in the next house.

Govind got a good role in the play the rehearsal for which was going on. His was the role of a young man who left home even without his mother's knowledge. The young man's maternal uncle had traced him and was persuading him to return home.

Because Govind had joined

the troupe late, Sadanand wanted that he should practise his part even when he was alone. "Let me see how well you remember your part," Sadanand told Govind, leading him to the backyard of their lodge.

Sadanand acted the part of the maternal uncle. This is how their dialogue went on:

Sadanand: "My boy, your mother's condition is very serious. You may not be able to see her alive unless you proceed home immediately."

Govind: "I am firm in my decision. I will not return home. Please do not waste your time on me."

After a few more lines of dialogue Sadanand left the lodge to attend to some other work. There was still sunlight in the backyard. Govind stood there reading the script.

Suddenly his attention went over to someone on the other side of the wall. Through a big hole in the wall he saw a stranger, bearded and in colourful robes, keenly observing him.

At first Govind felt a fear. He turned to move away. But, "Wait, you young man!" said the stranger. The old man's voice was quite commanding.



Govind stopped and looked at the old man again. Behind him stood a huge mansion, looking like a haunted house.

"Don't be afraid of me. Come closer!" commanded the stranger.

Govind slowly advanced towards the wall.

"Take your uncle's advice and go back to your home immediately. You will be sinning if you let your mother suffer," said the old man.

Govind understood that the old man had mistaken the dialogues to be true. At once an idea flashed in his mind. He said, "Sir, I should be willing to go."



But my village is far. I have no passage money."

The old man laughed. "Since your uncle has come all the way to take you back, he must have brought money with him. Never mind. I am ready to help you," he said and walked away. In a few minutes he was back carrying a small bag. He handed it over to Govind, saying, "Leave for your village as early as you can!"

"I will do so, sir!" said Govind.

Back in his room, Govind opened the bag eagerly. It contained fifty rupees. He was very happy with his cleverness. He

hid the bag under his pillow.

Talking to Sadanand at night he understood that the stranger he had met was the Zamindar, a very generous, though whimsical, man.

Next day, in the afternoon, Govind had to recite the dialogue once again with Sadanand. Sadanand left in a few minutes, instructing Govind to get the words by heart.

Govind noticed the Zamindar slowly approaching the wall. He waited. As expected, the Zamindar demanded to know, "Why are you still here?"

"Sir, I would have left today. The problem is, I have not been able to pay the hotel where I have been taking food."

"How much do you owe them?"

"About a hundred rupees, sir."

"Wait!" The Zamindar turned back and strode into his mansion. Govind waited, suppressing his amusement. The old man was back in ten minutes, with yet another bag in his hand.

"I agree that you should repay your loan before leaving the town. Here is the amount—perhaps a little more than you'll

need. Now, my boy, you must start for your village right in the morning."

Govind pretended to be moved by the Zamindar's gesture. As soon as the Zamindar was out of his sight, he gleefully opened the bag and counted the money. It was an amount of one hundred and twenty rupees.

He felt proud of his own cleverness and wondered if it would be possible for him to extract some more money out of the old man. But he could not hit upon any new plan.

"I came to the town only the other day. I have already earned a good amount of money. With the passing of days I shall surely have much greater success," he told himself.

Next day Sadanand led Govind to the backyard once again, saying, "Today we will rehearse the next scene. As you know, you are not to say anything, but only to give an expression of sorrow and guilt. Now, let me recite the uncle's part. Let your face express the right kind of emotion."

Sadanand then looked at the script and said, "My son, you did not pay heed to my advice. Your mother breathed her last,



heart-broken. It is for your cruel conduct that I lost my godly sister!"

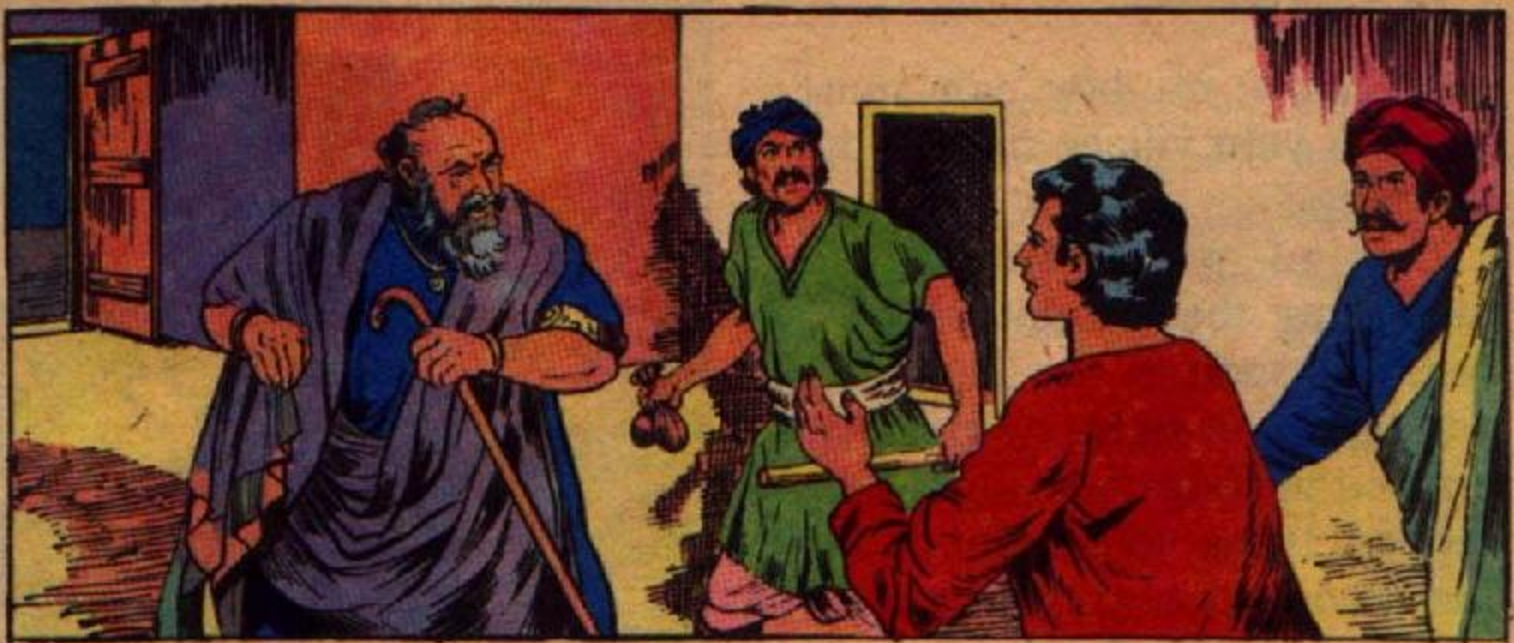
"What! Is that chap still here?" shouted an angry voice. Sadanand was startled to see the Zamindar suddenly emerging from the hole on the wall.

Govind's face paled.

"Why did you accept money from me if you had decided not to go?" the Zamindar asked Govind.

Govind was unable to speak. "Why don't you answer?" The Zamindar's voice grew louder and sterner.

"Sir, I don't really understand what you say. We are at the



midst of rehearsing a play. Who took money from you?" Sadanand enquired.

"Play? Do you mean to say that this boy deceived me?" asked the angry Zamindar. He then shouted for two of his servants. At the Zamindar's instruction they searched Govind's room and recovered the two money-bags.

"Sir, I knew nothing of this. Please do not misunderstand me," Sadanand said apologetically.

"I have no complaint against

you. But you ought to be sure of a fellow's character before you grant shelter to him."

"I am at fault, sir," admitted Sadanand.

The Zamindar and his servants went away. Sadanand fixed his gaze on Govind and said, "Well, boy, please leave my house, bag and baggage. I have nothing to do with a cheat."

Govind left, hiding his tears. He was no cheat, but he had tried to play clever—rather too clever!

Teacher: Who can say about the importance of water? Well, Babu why don't you try?

Babu : Sir, if there is no water we'll all die

Teacher: Right but why?

Babu : If there is no water we won't learn to swim. If we don't swim we will drown!



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— *Noel Coward.*

No Entry Fee



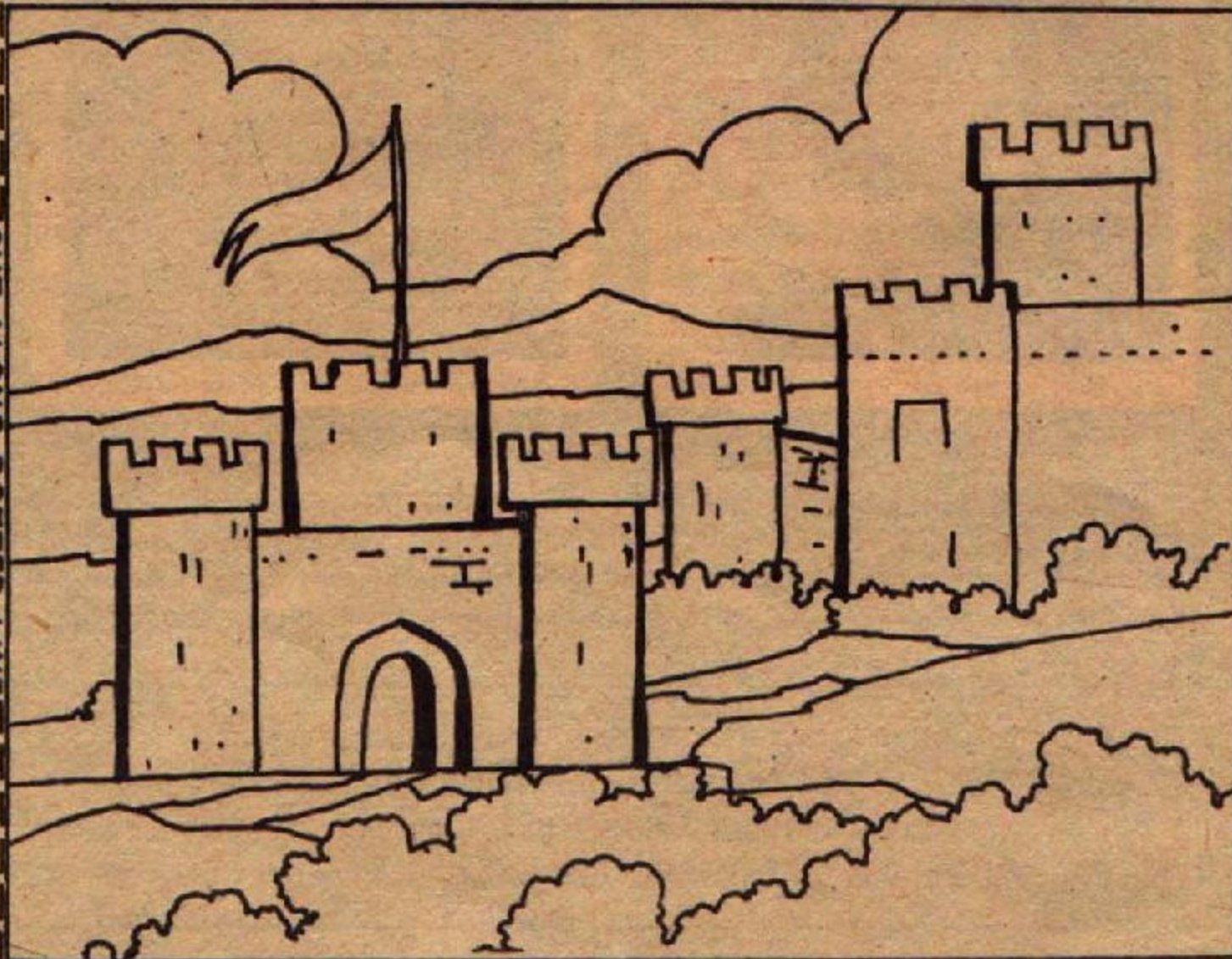
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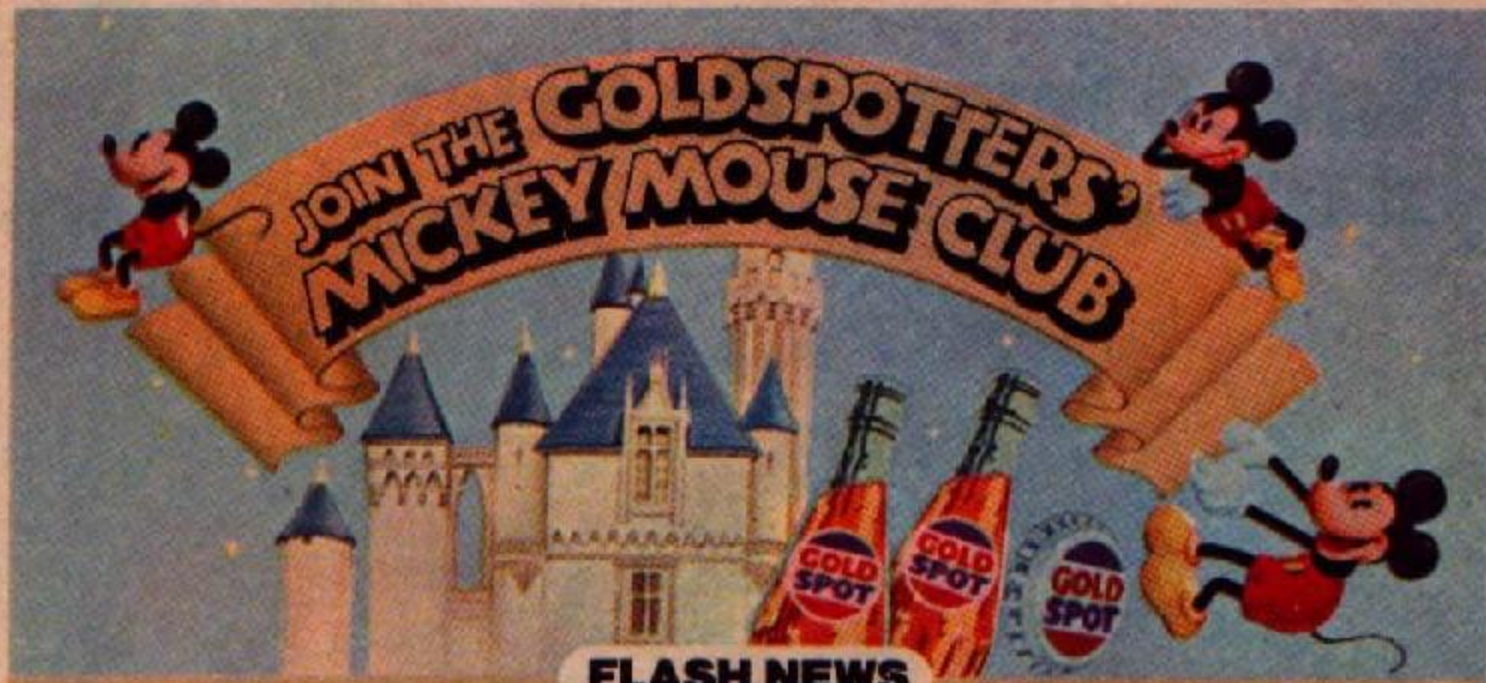
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